TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

A wave of murder and suicide seems to be passing over Canada. Indeed, this country seems to be furnishing more than its share of sensational crimes. While the columns of the daily papers were crowded with the report of the trial of Wilson, who was alleged to have murdered his wife and child by upsetting a boat, room had to be made for the dreadful details of the murder and cremation of the Luckey family at New Bliss, the crime, it is said, having been committed by the son and brother of the victims. What strange misnomers there are! Mr. and Mrs. "Luckey" and their daughter said to be murdered at "New Bliss" by their son, who is now in jail. It reminds me of a village called Eden, which for a cross-roads town was the wickedest place I ever knew.

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Then we have a renewal of the sensational evidence in the Lizzie Borden case, in which the daughter is said to have murdered her father and mother. Scattered through the dreadful details of these crimes have been suicides of all sorts and conditions of people; girls who have put an end to their lives because they were love sick or disappointed; old people who felt that they would rather let the dregs in the cup of life pass untasted; men high in commercial circles whose sins have found them out, or who had grown sick of the world's worry; wives who despaired of regaining the affection of a wayward husband; husbands who have killed their wives and followed them into eternity; young men with wealth and social position and all the good things of life apparently within their grasp have killed themselves. It is evident that passion and despair are no respectors of persons, and that many forget that the God who gave them being said, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay."

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The most striking feature in the dreadful docket is the close relationship which existed between the victims and the criminals. Not long ago a father was on trial in Toronto accused of killing his daughter, a wife of poisoning her husband, and we have a husband accused of killing his wife and child, a son of killing his father and mother and sister. Possibly these crimes are not becoming more numerous, but we hear more of them, and we know that in the courts much of the most expensive litigation is carried on between relatives, neighbors and those who at one time were close friends. It is not a pleasant phase of life to contemplate, this hatred between kinsfolk, yet we all know that the most bloody feuds and exasperating litigation are to be expected between people of the same blood. Nobody hates so murderously as those who are compelled to live together, and no crime is so indescribably horrible as the one perpetrated by the next of kin. We are all selfish. A first circle that widens oneself and forces one's love to include someone else is that of the parent. The most supremely selfish woman can almost always be relied upon to extend some benevolence to her children, and perhaps nowhere can such intense selfishness be seen as in the love of a father or mother for his or her offspring. He and she imagine that no one else in the world should enter into competition with the ones they claim as theirs. The poor ragged child on the streets never elicits from them a penny or a tear; they live for their own and nobody else. There is the wife who thinks there is but one man in the world who deserves forgiveness for his faults, promotion in his profession, honor amongst other men. This is but a softened streak of selfishness. Thus the first circle of widened selfishness is the love of near kinspeople; the second may include a few neighbors, the third stretch out and embrace the members of their church, the fourth include a few business associates, the fifth the people of one's own town, and the sixth mildly approve the people of one's own province. It takes a great big heart to be gentle and forgiving and charitable to all mankind. This last is a type of real unselfishness; it is the type Christ exemplified; it should be the Christian's ideal.

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If we turn the scale in these circles of selfishness backwards we find the same concentration of hate, of consumingly murderous passion as we go inward towards the center, which is self. Self-consciousness, the narrow limits of one's acquaintanceship, narrow ideas, if they be turned into a murderous ferment find their first victims amongst those who are nearest to them by all the ties which love and relationship should make sacred.

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The Dalton gang down in Kansas, who are pointed out as examples of reading dime novels, were shot down like dogs in Coffeeville while trying to rob two banks, but not before they had killed a number of citizens. Interviews have been published with the father and mother and elder brother of these boys. Of course their hearts are broken. The calamity was sufficient to break the stoutest heart. Yet I doubt if dime novels spoiled those boys as much as narrow home influences. I dare wager a round sum that by the fire of the Dalton homestead the atmosphere was stifling with petty things; that the true views of life were neither held nor taught; that the love that a man should bear his neighbor was not impressed; that the beautiful and the good were not breathed into the ears of those youthful outlaws; that the law of love was not a rule in that supreme court of boyhood, the fireside. Extraneous influences are always quoted as the reason for the lapse from virtue of young men and young women. They doubtless have their effect, but the effect is transitory if the atmosphere of the home be right. In a home nest where loving-kindness is the rule, where honor is so universally the law that it need scarcely be referred to, boys are not bred as desperadoes, but sons and daughters have their hearts so prepared that domestic hate and the dreadful crimes which follow can find no place therein. It seems wantonly cruel to go back and investigate the conduct of parents who have been murdered, to rake amongst the rubbish of a conjugal past for evidences of mutual blame when the husband sins against the wife or the wife against the husband, yet it is in these piles of repulsive details that we find the lesson. The honest lad who has been lovingly and wisely reared and justly treated, does not all at once turn into a demon and murder his father and mother and sister. The well loved husband for whom a wife has done everything, unless he be a brute, is not without her influence, and if she is everything that a woman of her station can be she must be sacred to the man who is her husband unless he has been bred amidst vile surroundings where the sanctity of goodness is unknown.

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I think the questions that should suggest themselves to people reading these horrible stories, particularly when they are obtruded upon us by occurring almost in our own neighborhood, are: Whence came they? Who were the fathers and mothers, the grandfathers and grandmothers of these dreadful people? What frightful lessons of selfishness, hate and revenge were taught those who in manhood and womanhood have developed into such criminals? It is of no use to quote the respectability of parents. Many respectable people have frightful homes and in the details of their lives which most impress children have been anything but proper standards. Yes indeed, the homes of many so-called religious people are dreadful places, where back-biting and hate, and wrong-dealing and injustice are as familiar to the boyish or girlish mind as the multiplication table. Seldom indeed, and only by a freak of nature, does the wicked boy or girl emanate from a household where God is truly loved and the lessons provided by Christ's example have been taken to heart. I have known more families than one who are not regular in church-going nor prompt in class meeting, to exercise a benign and sweetening influence throughout a whole neighborhood. On the other hand, I have known many of those loudest at class meeting, readiest to lead in prayer, whose homes were a festering-place, whose example was contaminating to everyone near enough to be contaminated by it. By this I am not trying to argue that religious people are not good, but that no religion, no amount of church-going can count in the family of the man who does not love his brother as himself, and that to the man or woman whose heart is large enough to care for everybody just a little bit, even if it is only the saying of a charitable word or the giving of a cup of cold water to the suppliant at the door, seldom comes the agony of a vicious or murderous child.

XAVER SCHARWENKA
Pianist and Composer

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The *Globe* takes exception to what I wrote last week about the "Mayor" and the "marsh." It contends that Mayor Fleming's position is that "at present the property is held in trust jointly by the Government and the city, and the proceeds from its reclamation must be devoted to maintaining Queen's Park or to such other works of a public and municipal nature in the city of Toronto as the Lieutenant-Governor in Council may direct." If the Ontario Government is joint proprietor, as it were, of the marsh, it is jointly responsible for its stenches and should jointly engage in its reclamation, and if the position of Mayor Fleming and the *Globe* be correct it is jointly indictable with the city for its unsanitary condition. Why, then, does not some citizen who finds himself unable to live on its malodorous shores, bring a suit against the Ontario Government for maintaining a nuisance? If smallpox breaks out in a remote settlement the Ontario Government sends its health officers and spends the good money of the province in abating the disease and preventing contagion. Why, then, should it not take from our doors the malodorous marsh? If proprietorship is established, then responsibility is established. It is useless for the *Globe* to quibble about these things. If the Ontario Government has as much proprietorship in the marsh as the city of Toronto, it is equally responsible with the city of Toronto for putting it in a proper sanitary condition. If the marsh is to be reclaimed and the Ontario Government is to have its finger in the pie it must have its hand in its pocket. The "good Ontario Government" act is about to be played on us; that is, the meaning of what I wrote, and if it is to be played successfully we would like to see the stakes on the table. No matter how the *Globe* may disclaim any partnership in the Grit idea of the reclamation of Toronto from the evil of its Tory ways, the fact remains that the Ontario Government is working a good deal harder at that scheme than it is at reclaiming Ashbridge's Bay.

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Further on the *Globe* says: "The true meaning of the article in SATURDAY NIGHT is that a few men who cannot by hook or by crook get a candidate to oppose Mayor Fleming's re-election are seeking to raise the party cry in the hope that it will rouse the Conservatives." Well, what if this be true? Anything that will anyhow arouse anybody to any conception of how miserably we are governed should be considered a worthy effort. If Mr. Fleming is the best man the Liberals have to put in the field, let them put him in the field as a Grit, as a speculator, as one of the boomsters who got this city into its trouble, as one of the leaders of those who heaped upon us our local improvement debt, as an obstructionist, as anything they like, but do not give him to us as a little tin god painted red and mounted on wheels.

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Again the *Globe* says: "Upon a slender foundation of this sort Sir Oliver Mowat's Government is hardly likely to spend money in the marsh, even if by such expenditure Toronto might be bribed to return three supporters of the Government. The veiled suggestion that Toronto is a dog that will lick any hand that feeds it is quite unworthy of SATURDAY NIGHT." I think that those who read last week's article will not feel that there was any such veiled suggestion. The trouble with Toronto has been that it licks the hand of those who smite it, not any hand that feeds it. We have had no chance to lick any "feeding" hand; we have been unjustly treated by both the province and the Dominion. It is true I did suggest that if Sir Oliver were to give us the delightful change of just treatment his conduct might be appreciated. I do not think I am wrong in saying that Toronto would appreciate justice. Men, as well as dogs, love to be well treated; men at least have a right to ask to be justly treated. After the Ontario Government has taken the Upper Canada College grounds, which belonged to the city; after they have been given a Parliament site in the park; after they have been given everything that a liberal city could give a friendly or unfriendly government we have a right to ask for good treatment, and if we got it I think the sense of gratitude in Toronto would probably manifest itself. The *Globe*, however, is so used to venal conduct in the political press that it suspects SATURDAY NIGHT of being anxious to trade off civic representation in the Legislature for fodder. What Toronto wants is not fodder, but justice.

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The *Evening News* believes that the cost of a high level bridge over the Don and the widening of the Queen street subway should be paid for out of current taxation and not by the issue of debentures. What did the *Evening News* believe when the Citizens' Association was contending that a high level bridge over the Don should be built out of the funds of the C. P. R.? It was devoting itself to the delightful task of making fun of a "Board of Trade movement." If the city newspapers had stood with the Citizens' Association at that time the agreement would never have been signed in its present loose condition. The Canadian Pacific railroad created the danger and should have remedied it. However, this is becoming ancient history. Now that we will have to jointly settle the account, is it wise to drive the taxpayer to desperation? Is a permanent improvement like the high level bridge to be forced out of the pockets of men who have no property within a mile of the Don and who have very little property within thirty days of a sheriff's sale? Is the Queen street subway to be widened at the cost of the men who have made the most legitimate investments of any of those who bought property in Toronto, those who have their property in the heart of the city and have built or are anxious to build upon it? Is the folly of those who built the narrow subway and made the agreement with the railroad to be immediately inflicted upon investors who are scarred all over by the foolish movements of a past administration? Have the business people, those who have largely made Toronto and will continue to do the major part in sustaining this as a business center, to be held up by the real estate wild-cats who laid out farm lands far west of Bathurst street and east of the Don? Is this the way to restore confidence in the city? This may be Mr. Fleming's idea, but it is not the idea of those who are paying a frontage tax on the pavements that are being laid down to facilitate central Toronto's traffic, who are bleeding through the nose for all the improvements in the heart of the city. This is not the idea of men who are putting up good buildings and who are paying the biggest proportion of taxes in this city. Go on, *News*, and give us more of it. Mr. Fleming beat the business men's candidate. Do the best you can to hold up his suburban real estate and extol the virtues of your valorous mayor, but don't forget that it is quite easy to drive heavy taxpayers whose general rate and frontage tax would pay the assessment on a whole suburban street, to desperation, and do not forget that at the same time you may frighten workingmen who are trying to pay

for a little house into abandoning their equities. You are asking what is the matter with Canada. It would be a very wise thing to ask what is the matter with Toronto!

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Another question I might venture to ask is—if it be so, for indeed I know of no one who is out hunting for candidates—why it is that business men "cannot by hook or by crook get a candidate to oppose Mayor Fleming's re-election?" Last year was a lesson. The business men who supported Mr. Osler put up their money and their time and wasted both in an endeavor to elect a man who was capable of conducting Toronto's municipal affairs. He was beaten. It may be quite true that they are hopeless of electing a suitable man. When the so-called Reform party, with a few bright exceptions, supports a man and forces the hotelkeepers and the Ontario office holders to support him; when the Orangemen practically say that if there is to be a Conservative mayor he must be an Orangeman, the *Globe* can very truthfully say that those who supported Mr. Osler may be forgiven for being hopeless. These are the solemn facts, and the *Globe* and the Liberal party and the lodges can contemplate the position in which they have placed Toronto, with pride, if there be any source of pride to be found therein.

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While criticizing the position of the *Globe* in this matter, I think I am voicing the opinion of every newspaper man in Toronto when I say that it is a model for the other daily papers in the matter of politeness and those evidences which tend to show that the members of its staff know how to write like gentlemen. It is a blessed relief after turning from the Billingsgate of some of the other political journals.

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The pastor of Cooke's church was kind enough to thank the newspapers for their full reports and general treatment of the Pan-Presbyterian Council. At the same time he referred to two or three journals which had criticized the proceedings with the object of making it appear that the brethren had quarreled amongst themselves. These newspapers he designated as "of the earth, earthy." I suppose SATURDAY NIGHT is open to a charge of worldliness; it does not pretend to be a religious newspaper. The reverend gentleman's remarks, however, do not answer the charges made by the "earthy" newspapers that the Pan-Presbyterian Council lacked in spirituality. He simply uses the you-are-another argument to answer this. Of all the criticisms, however, that I have seen or heard in this connection, the one that strikes home sharpest of all, if it be the fact, is that these great lights of the church from all over the world came together and read papers and had little spats and eulogized one another, and all this sort of thing, but did not partake of the Lord's Supper together. In olden times, if my memory of the scriptures serves me right, the sacrament was the principal object of the faithful followers of Christ gathering together on the Lord's day, and it is written that when they met together "to break bread" Paul spake unto them. Even the preaching of Paul was a secondary thing to the sacrament. I think that Rev. Brother Patterson must admit that the Pan-Presbyterian Council hardly followed the beautiful and apostolic order of things, and in view of their great professions are more worthy of the criticism of being "of the earth, earthy," than are the secular papers which pointed out this wholesome truth.

DON.

Xaver Scharwenka

This renowned pianist and composer belongs to a family which has won the highest distinction in the musical world. He shares with his older brother, Philip, the honors of international fame as a teacher and composer, and beyond that occupies a place in the first rank as piano virtuoso. He is three years younger than his brother Philip, having been born in January, 1850, at Samter, in the Prussian province of Posen. He took pianoforte lessons at seven years of age, and in 1865, when the Scharwenkas moved to Berlin, Xaver entered Kullak's famous Neue Akademie der Tonkunst, studying piano under the elder Kullak, and composition under Richard Wuerst, having as companions and fellow students Moritz Moszkowski and Nicode. After completing his studies Xaver Scharwenka was appointed one of the professors at Kullak's, and after four years of hard work and earnest study he gave his first concert at the famous Sing Akademie of Berlin, when his talent and ability received immediate recognition. Since then he has made no less than 187 public appearances in Berlin, and frequent concert tours in Germany, Russia, Austria, Hungary, Sweden, Norway, Belgium and England. Of his Polish dances, it is said that no less than a million and a half copies have been sold on this side of the Atlantic. He holds the appointment of Court Pianist to the Emperor of Austria and the title Royal Prussian Professor.

Herr Scharwenka plays in Toronto next Tuesday evening at the Pavilion, at Messrs. Suckling & Sons' grand concert.

Social and Personal.

The chancel of the Church of St. George the Martyr was beautifully decorated with palms and the altar with exquisite roses on Saturday last for the occasion of the marriage of Miss McCarthy to Mr. James Ince. A large gathering of the *elite* witnessed the event. The sunny autumn day enhanced the beauty of the toilettes and lent a cheerfulness in itself to what has always a tone of semi-sadness mingled with its festivities. The service, which was fully choral, was performed by Canon Cayley, the choir preceding the bride as she entered the church leaning on her father's arm. Her robe was of richest white satin with a brocaded stripe running the length of the material; cut crystal fringe ornamented the edges of the zouave jacket; Brussels lace formed the garniture of the front of the skirt, which was *en traine*. A tulle veil fastened by a diamond star and a spray of orange blossoms was worn to complete the toilette. A pearl necklace, the gift of the bridegroom, a pearl brooch, the gift of her father, whose present also included a diamond ring and a pearl ring, pearl pins, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Ince, were the ornaments. She carried a magnificent bouquet, the center of which was entirely of lilies of the valley, the border being composed of white rose buds. Miss Howell of Winnipeg, the bride's youthful cousin, was bridesmaid, dressed in a pretty white costume with large lace hat. Mr. Worrel was best man. The bride was further attended by her little niece and nephew, Miss Babette Fitzgibbon and Master Pepler of Barrie. The little bridesmaid's dress was a miniature of that worn by Miss Howell; the small groomsman wore a white sailor suit, and escorted the dainty little maiden with all the air of a cavalier. Mr. Phillips presided at the organ in his usual masterly fashion. After the ceremony the guests drove to the residence of Mr. D'Alton McCarthy on Beverley street, and tendered their congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Ince. A very elegant *déjeuner* was partaken of amid merry good wishes and the soft music of the Italian orchestra. Mr. and Mrs. Ince left on the afternoon train for a tour across the lines. A hearty farewell cheer from many manly throats was the parting tribute to these popular members of Toronto's inner circle, and was a delightful departure from the rice and slipper throwing custom, which has grown into a permitted outrage and thereby earned its *conge*. Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy wore a Paris costume of brown cloth, velvet bonnet to match relieved with pink feathers, superb diamond pins in the bonnet strings and around the collar of the dress. Many fine diamond ornaments were worn, Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. Langmuir, Mrs. John Hoskin, Mrs. Cosby and Mrs. Hay having especially beautiful ones. Mrs. Fitzgibbon wore a costume of shot silk of a fawn shade, the body with Watteau pleat and sleeves of brown velvet trimmed with brown ribbon velvet and green velvet veiled with rare Brussels lace; a large picture hat of brown velvet with *aigrette* of shaded green ostrich feathers completed this very *chic* toilette; Mrs. Pepler of Barrie wore a black lace costume with bouquet of violets; Miss Lally was dressed in a cardinal costume trimmed with chantilly lace, a large red velvet hat with ostrich plumes of the same shade and carried a bouquet of tea roses; Mrs. Ince wore a handsome black satin with pink flower brocade, a guimpe of *vieux* rose silk and large leg-o'-mutton sleeves of the same, shoulder trimming of silk Irish guipure lace, *vieux* rose ostrich tips in her bonnet and carried a large bouquet of exquisite *la France* roses. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a costume of ivory net with myrtle green velvet and gold embroidery. Mrs. Harry Patterson wore a most becoming black silk with alternate stripes of pale blue and lemon color and guimpe of lemon color, a black velvet hat with upright bow at the side and a little lemon colored velvet. Mrs. Langmuir wore terra cotta brocade with bonnet to match, trimmings of gold passementerie and chantilly lace; Mrs. Cockburn, shot bronze green silk dress with jetted net, velvet sleeves, bonnet of yellow shaded velvet flowers with jet butterfly. Mrs. J. D. Hay wore an exquisite gray brocade, felt hat and ostrich feathers of the same shade, which was particularly becoming. Mrs. Tait wore a gray *crepon* with silver embroidery. Mrs. John Hoskin wore prune plush trimmed with jet passementerie. Mrs. George Denison wore mauve and white; Mrs. Cosby, striped moire antique with mauve *crepe* front and Zouave jacket. Mrs. Robert Bethune wore green silk with small black dot brocaded, very handsome passementerie and fringes of jet and gold. Miss Langmuir looked well in a rose-pink costume with black lace and velvet trimmings, large Virot hat of black velvet with jet spray and pink aigrette; Mrs. A. Foy wore yellow *crepon* with green velvet and Brussels lace forming a V on the corsage. The most lovely gowns were so difficult to decide upon where all looked their best, but I was much struck with two which were worn by Mrs. Fitzgibbon and Mrs. J. H. Plummer. The beautiful women became their rich and modish costumes, and were a delight to gaze upon. Among the numerous guests were: The Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Judge and Mrs. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. J. Plummer, Lieut. Col. G. T. and Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Creelman, Major and Mrs. Foster, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Otter, Miss Otter, Mr. Morton, Judge and Mrs. Morgan, the Misses Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. Tait, Miss Small, Mrs. Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, Mrs. G. W. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Ince, the Misses Oates, Mrs. F. Patterson, Mrs. Nell Rogers, Rev. T. and Mrs. Patterson, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Bethune, the Misses Bethune, Mrs. John, Mr. H. C. and Miss Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brock, Mr. and Mrs. John Hoskin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Helena Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. A. Foy, Mrs. and the Misses Dawson, Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Crooks, Miss Beardmore, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Dr. and Mrs. McMichael, the Misses McMicking, Rev. J. D. Cayley, Mrs. and Miss Hodgins, Mr. C. Robinson, Mrs. Frederick and Miss Patterson.

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Another very fashionable wedding, which took place on Wednesday afternoon at Rivermount, the residence of Hon. Frank Smith, was that of Major Arthur Harrison and Miss Frances Smith. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Toronto, assisted by Rev. Father James Walsh. The bride was attired in white corded silk, with honiton lace and tulle veil. She wore a wreath of orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of roses. Her ornaments were diamonds. The bridesmaid, Miss Amy Rutherford, wore pink corded silk with French embroidery in green and pink; a leghorn hat, pink and blue tips, and her ornaments were diamonds and pearls, the gift of the bridegroom. The younger bridesmaid was Miss Gertie Foy, a niece of the bride. Her dress was of pink china silk, and she wore a leghorn hat with pink *chiffon*. Mrs. Frank Smith, the mother of the bride, wore stone-colored satin trimmed with black lace, ornaments diamonds. The best man was Mr. Alleyne Gamble; Master Arthur Macdonell escorted the younger bridesmaid. The bride was given away by her father. Only the immediate relatives were present at the ceremony, after which the guests invited to the reception began to arrive, and even the spacious rooms of Rivermount were taxed to the utmost capacity to contain the brilliant throng. Among the many beautiful gowns I remarked: Mrs. John I. Davidson, pearl gray and jet costume with small bonnet to match; Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald also was gowned in pearl gray with darker trimming of brocade and silver, and large velvet hat with black aigrettes and gray feathers; Mrs. James Crowther wore a dainty *reseda* green silk with cream Irish lace; Miss Arthurs wore an elegant black bengaline with rose velvet sleeves and black and rose hat; Miss Beatty wore a gray gown, with large gray hat and white lace veil; Miss Helen Leys wore a beautiful gown of white corduroy velvet, with black velvet vest, and black and white hat; Mrs. C. Pipon wore a sea green silk and velvet and bonnet to match, with cream ties; Miss Rutherford wore pale blue silk and velvet *en train*; Mrs. Austin Smith wore a brown cloth with pale blue silk vest and a biscuit colored hat with pale blue feathers; Miss Macbeth Milligan, royal purple velvet, plain skirt and bodice with corselet of passementerie, puffed lavender silk vest and large silk sleeves with cuffs of velvet, cream leghorn hat with lavender and purple velvet and flowers; Mrs. Dawson wore a brown cloth gown and bonnet to match; Miss Kirkpatrick wore cream cloth trimmed with pale blue, and leghorn hat and tips; Mrs. Meyrick Bankes wore black and pink, and large black hat; Miss Wilkie wore a delicate fawn gown, with large fawn hat; Mrs. John Foy wore heliotrope silk and brown hat. Mrs. Harrison's going-away dress was of brown tweed with an Eton coat opening over a silk vest. Her hat was of brown felt and velvet. The most elegant array of wedding gifts imaginable was shown in the library, including every conceivable dainty and handsome gift that wealth or affection could command. Major and Mrs. Harrison will reside on Madison avenue on their return from the honeymoon.

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Mrs. Alexander Cameron gave one of the most successful afternoon teas of the season on Monday, when the house was thrown open to Toronto society, giving everyone an opportunity of admiring the new arrangement. Since the last entertainment the mansion has been entirely remodeled, a picture gallery added and the whole refurnished and decorated in a manner seldom seen outside of a French *chateau*. The orchestra played in the musical gallery, which is at one end of the picture gallery, a beautiful piece of Eastern embroidery falling over the railing with the most picturesque effect. All the pictures are originals by celebrated artists. The Soldier's Return, which, by the kindness of Mrs. Cameron, has been lent to art exhibitions, is familiar to the Toronto public. This year's acquisition is a Rosa Bonheur, the subject, a large red fox. Mrs. Cameron received her guests in a rich costume of dove-colored *faille* with *point d' Alencon* shoulder trimming. It was a "pink tea," the table being decorated with a profusion of pink roses and ribbon decoration, which is quite new in Toronto. In the dining-room a bevy of fair young ladies assisted in receiving the guests. Mrs. Alfred Cameron looked radiant. Miss Bunting, Miss Riordan and Miss Richards were all arrayed in white dresses with pink roses. The electric lighting of the dining-room is peculiarly becoming to fair complexions and all of these ladies never looked better than on Monday. Among the guests, who were too numerous to give a complete list of, could such have been obtained, were: Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Dobell, Mrs. Bankes, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mrs. Cumberland, Mrs. W. H. and Miss Howland, Mrs. Alfred Gooderham, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Beatty, Mrs. Smart, Mrs. C. Riordan, Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. Dewar, Mrs. Richards, Judge and Mrs. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. Gibb, Miss Dupont, Mrs. G. W. Allan, Miss Windeat, Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. Yarker, Miss Maud Yarker, Mr. and Miss Hodgins, Miss Kirkpatrick, Miss Small, Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. Langmuir, Miss Langmuir, Dr. and Mrs. Riordan, Mrs. Mackenzie, Miss Mackenzie, Miss Hill, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Dr. and Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Morphy, the Misses Morphy, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Brock, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. Vernon Wadsworth, Mrs. Ince, Miss Rutherford, the Misses Dawson, Mrs. Otter, Miss Helen Leys, Miss Beardmore, Miss Helen Beardmore, Mrs. McKellar, the Misses McKellar, Mr. Martland, Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. Coulson, Capt. and Mrs. Macdougall.

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Mrs. C. Riordan has issued cards for a large At Home on Friday, October 21, at which Miss Riordan will make her *debut*.

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Mr. Ernest E. Thompson, the well known artist and naturalist, is at present visiting his parents in Toronto after two years spent in Paris, whither he proposes to return shortly.

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A large number more than the Reformed Presbyterian church could accommodate assembled to witness the wedding ceremony of Mr. C. W. Hurndall and Miss Kate Kidd last Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. Miss Kidd's blonde beauty was well set off by a rich brown cloth traveling dress with *chapeau* to match. The gown was modishly trimmed with fur. The bridesmaid, Miss Mary Lumley, was dressed in a pretty cream silk dress trimmed with cream lace. Mr. George Begg was best man. After the ceremony about one hundred and fifty guests adjourned to 95 Seaton street, the residence of the bride's parents, where a reception was held. Mr. and Mrs. Hurndall left on the C. P. R. evening train for a tour east, and on their return will reside in Toronto.

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The marriage of Mr. Beverley Robinson with Miss Cooke is to take place on Tuesday, October 18, at two o'clock, in St. James' Cathedral.

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Mrs. John Strange of Kingston is the guest of Miss Macbeth Milligan at 400 Sherbourne street.

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A quiet wedding which took place Monday October 10, at the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, Mr. T. H. Best, Markham street, was that of Miss Mabel May Wiggins and Mr. Joseph Mark of Buffalo. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Alex. Gilray in the presence of a few immediate friends and relatives. The bride was attired in a handsome brown traveling suit. Mr. and Mrs. Mark left by the 4:55 train for a short trip in the West before returning to their home in Buffalo.

*

Among those who called at Government House last Wednesday afternoon were: Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, who wore a dark heliotrope striped silk, slashed with white, and hat to correspond; Mrs. J. Hay, pale gray brocade with silver trimming; Miss DuMoulin, dark serge, with white feather boa and pretty hat with white ostrich tips; Mrs. Charles Temple, steel gray costume with guimpe trimming; Mrs. Hodgins, black silk and bonnet with crushed pink roses; Mrs. (Justice) Proudfoot, the Misses Proudfoot, Major and Mrs. Cosby, Captain J. Magee, Mr. and Mrs. Wragge, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mrs. Grasett Baldwin, the Misses Cassells, Mr. H. Wyatt, the Misses Heward, Miss Victoria Mason, Miss T. Mason, Mr. W. Lincoln Hunter, Miss Dewar, Mrs. H. Price, the Misses Gillespie, the Misses Nelles of St. Catharines, Mr. Allan, the Misses Boulton, Mrs. and Miss McKenzie, Dr. and Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mr. Jones, Mr. Carter Troop, Mr. Robertson, Mr. L. McMurray, the Misses Parsons, Mr. W. Fleury, Mr. Young, Miss Beardmore, the Misses Beatty, Mr. Charles Walker and Mr. Sherwood.

*

Mrs. John Duggan and Miss Tulloh of 585 Spadina avenue have left for the South for the winter.

*

Mrs. J. C. Anderson of 574 Sherbourne street, who has been for some time an invalid, has gone on a visit to friends in Johnstown and Saratoga, N. Y., where she will remain for the next six weeks, after which she intends spending the winter with her cousin, Joe Jefferson and family on their plantation in Florida near Jacksonville. She takes her two boys, Archie and James with her.

*

Miss Coles of St. Patrick street has gone to New York for the winter.

*

The beautiful hall built by the St. George's Society on Elm street was opened last Thursday night, with a conversazione and addresses. A large number of ladies and gentlemen, both members and outsiders, admired the very æsthetic and chaste architecture of the assembly hall and listened to some songs by Messrs. Webster and Warrington, excellently well sung; a killing recital by Mr. Owen Smiley, and the ever charming music of that graceful and welcome new-comer in our midst, Mrs. Webster, whose mandolin playing delighted and interested the large audience.

*

Invitations are issued to the wedding of Miss Kate Eva Westlake and Mr. Frank Yeigh. The ceremony will take place on Thursday, October 27.

*

Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser, who has returned from an extended American trip, gave a capital evening of readings at Association Hall last Tuesday. The large audience was prompt to recognize the evidence of careful study and selection on the part of their clever entertainer. Miss Minnie Gaylord, in a most becoming little gown of pink silk, sang very sweetly, and Mr. Hewlett played several selections on the great organ very acceptably. One does not enjoy, however, at such entertainments, the near proximity of half grown girls and boys who not only conduct themselves in a very vulgar manner, but thereby spoil for their better behaved neighbors the enjoyment they might derive from so well rendered a programme.

*

On Thursday evening of last week the office staff of Messrs. Macrae & Macrae, with their wives, met at the residence of the senior partner of the firm, Mr. Evelyn Macrae, 72 St. Patrick street, on the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Macrae. A delightful evening was spent. After a *recherche* supper the guests dispersed with kindly adieux to their amiable hostess and her popular husband.

*

Mr. Maurice Taylor of Jarvis street and Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Long left Tuesday for a six months' trip to British Columbia, China and Japan.

*

The Athenæum Club had their first club night on last Saturday evening from 8 to 11.30 o'clock. The handsome club was thrown open to guests, and various amusements and a capital orchestra lent wings to the too quickly speeding hours.

*

The engagement of Mr. W. Kirkpatrick and Miss Mabel Ince has been announced.

*

Mr. and Mrs. T. Hector gave a charming dance on Thursday, October 6, at their residence, so picturesquely situated on the banks of the Credit. Some of the guests were: Mrs. Hector's house party, viz., Miss Edith Gregg of London, Ont., the Misses Hector, Mr. Alex. Hector of Toronto, Mr. S. Baldwin of Toronto, Miss Magrath and party, including Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Crickmore, Miss Carrie Sutherland, Mr. Sutherland, Mr. Douglass Sutherland and Mr. Stuart Heath of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Harris and party, including Miss Lucy Harrison, Miss Eleanor Skynner of Toronto, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hynes, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Dixie, Sir Melville Parker, Miss Violet Gordon, Mr. Burgeoyne Gordon, Mrs.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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Fine Feathers and Choice Gowns.

THE most modish hats of these autumn days are large, broad in the brim and generous in the garniture of bows, aigrettes and feathers. For feathers are to be worn and the Humane Society may take a rest; little dead birds are not fashionable, and what humanity could not, with all its pleading, accomplish, dame fashion with one wave of her lily-white hand has done! Ostrich feathers may be worn with a clear conscience by the most humane dame under the canopy, and the grace and the beauty of them will meet the full demands of her artistic taste. They are so becoming too, so softening, so rich, and at once so dainty and dignified. The new long plumes, to droop over the hair at the caught-up back of one of those stylish broad-brimmed felt hats, may hang down loosely for six inches, without danger of exposing a stiff uncovered quill, for the drooping part is made of the shape and style of a fox's brush, finished in a completely featured and well clothed pendant that has neither upper nor under side to distinguish it.

•

I saw a beautiful hat at Stitt's one day lately, with two such plumes in delicate green shades, which will be a fitting headgear for one of the pretty women of whom Toronto is proud. Of course the fox-tail feathers need for their support a large hat, and a large hat best becomes a fair-sized woman. The little lady who attracted my attention as I ate my luncheon in a fashionable restaurant one day lately, had overlooked this fact. She wore a very spacious black velvet structure on which were fourteen tips, eight black and six green, and which gave her the appearance of a sort of idealized mourner at what might have been a Hibernian funeral. But our Queen City has scores of handsome women and graceful girls who are divinely tall enough to wear the sweeping feathers which took my fancy, and look lovely with the fur-trimmed costumes or rich velvet gowns which are *a la mode* this season.

•

A very elegant and costly gown was worn at a charming dinner one evening lately. The plain bell skirt of pink and black striped silk was quite innocent of any garniture, save where the guile of the *modiste* had faced it with tiny frills in black and pink and black lace, and by a cunning fashioning had arranged the "turn over" effect to show the elegant lining, as the wearer sat carelessly on her *fauteuil*. The bodice was of rich pink velvet, the sleeves *en pouf* with fine black lace in graceful drapery. It was voted one of the most lovely gowns of the opening season.

•

In great contrast to this rich costume, but surpassing it for dainty and subtle affectation of simplicity, was a frock of white India silk, which was destined to garb a fair citizen of our capital. Neither ribbon nor flower nor furbelow was upon it. Three rows of colerebby Valenciennes insertion ran round the softly falling breadths of the skirt; the bodice was puffed and garnished with frills and bows of lace, the sleeves puffed perpendicularly from wrist to shoulder and trimmed with rows of lace. The youthful wearer is slight and willowy and these soft puffings and shirrings lend just the requisite fullness to her figure. Such a plain, rich, *distingue* dress has seldom uplifted its eloquent testimony to the taste and refinement of a clever *modiste*, and no doubt Ottawa folk will duly admire the simple elegance of a Toronto made gown.

•

Bright toned gloves are to be worn this winter, and I noticed some striking shades in a glove store on King street this week. Deep heliotrope, vivid red, dainty mauve, and golden or saffron shades, stitched in black in the new fancy of three medium cords and a feather stitching between, are shown in *Suede*, also the well established white, with the same design in black stitching. It is possible to match almost any shade of gown however pronounced, with these new gloves, which will be fashionable; in fact, orders are being sent to the city already for red *Suede* gloves, and various other formerly tabooed colors.

•

One more pretty little walking gown I saw on King street this week. It was gray, with a skirt which did not touch the ground anywhere, think of that! The material was soft diagonal, and over the vest front was worn a cute little wadded, silk-lined Eton jacket of black velvet, with moderate sleeves, neatly finished at the wrist with a small silk cord. The hat was a medium sized black velvet, with small black plumes and a large bow, clasped by an oxydized silver buckle. Black *Suede* gloves and the neatest of shoes and gaiters finished a most lady like *tout ensemble*.

•

I saw some lovely jewelry and artistic things at the opening given by Ryrie Bros. last week. Dainty little bow-knots in white with minute polka dots, a plain gold harp of Erin set richly in pearls, large and small, beautiful *debutante* necklets of fine gold with pearl pendants or rosettes of the same elegant gems, just the thing to lie soft and dainty about the neck of the pure skinned young girl. As Tennyson sang, "So light, so light, they scarce should be unclasped at night," though, unlike the miller's daughter, the modish *demoiselle* nowadays wears her necklet by night instead of by day. Talking about elegant conceits for ladies reminds me of a gorgeous outfit of silver curling tongs and spirit lamp which I saw among the toilette luxuries, and which neatly folded up its handles and packed its self into an extraordinarily small space when the pretty bangs were duly crimped and curled. A very pretty lamp was shaded with a ribbon-decked shade in rainbow hues; the twisted ribbons came to the border and hung straight down for several inches, and were each threaded at the ends with a chased gold bead, or in another style with crystal pendants. The ribbons were hung close together all round the edge of the shade. With the mild-rayed lamp comes naturally the bright five o'clock tea kettle in copper and brass, with ebony handle. One design struck me as very graceful, in which the kettle hung from a bending bamboo cane in brass, just above a tiny spirit lamp. With these suggestions of afternoon tea I associate a tiny silver call bell, so dainty and silver tongued, and the very thing for an elegant five o'clock tea-board. Very choice presents for *la belle dame* are the *portmonnaies* in faint-tinted morocco, with gold corners inlaid with various tiny gems, or the handsome toilette glasses in rosewood and silver, which reflect her charms.

LA MODE.

Thanks are due for information to Messrs. William Stitt and Ryrie Bros.

Shookville Mem'ries.

W'en I used t' keep store in Shookville (thet wuz afore I kem down ter Toronter ter sup'rintend th' eddicashun uv my youngist son Josiah as wuz a-goin' ter a bizness college here, ter larn how ter handle boodle an' sich, tho' th' 'rithmetick they larned him wuz thet queer, why, I heerd him tellin' Si McFee's son Bill as wuz goin' ter th' same skool, w'en they wuz both home at vakashun, thet three uv a kind beet two pair, it used ter be t'other way 'bout w'en I went ter skool. Likewise, I found he wuz devotin' his time an' th' money I sent him fer books to a branch uv study usually known, I b'lieve, as pin pool, so ter be able ter cum an' see as he got w'at I wuz payin' fer, I sold out store to a young English chap as prefurd ter settle in Shookville 'cause he heerd they wuz so many bears in Toronter durin' th' winter months thet it warn't safe to go out nights without a gun. I ain't much onto the knack uv writin' literatoor, but I guess I've writ 'bout enuff fer this bracket.) Well, as I said afore, when I used ter keep store in Shookville (sakes! how them old times uv a winter evenin' do cum back to me), Old Si McKee as sold his farm fer twiste w'at it wuz wuth to an oil spekkilater by stikkin' a bar'l uv coal oil, with a hole punched in th' top, into a little crik as run thro' his place. Th' oil-man notisin' th' oil on top uv th' water, an' thinkin' he had a snap, which he found he hadn't when he'd bored holes all over the farm without findin anythin' sniffyer then water. Well, there wuz him an' Walt Houston an' Billy Oaks, the blacksmith, 'n a lot more as used ter set roun' th' stove in my store an' chaw 'n swop yarns 'n argify, jes' fer th' world like these yer park aritaroors 'n laber agitatoors does here, only we didn't call 'em by them names, not bein' eddikated to city ways, but jes' plain bummers an' loafers. Well, ter git a fresh start, w'en I used to keep store—I mustn't git wand'rin' off into no more brackets 'r else I'll never git this yarn off—this yer writin' proze ain't as easy as it looks. Po'try I kin set down n' write a hull barnful of jes' ez quick ez I kin stick in my fork, but this blame stuff seems to chock up the mow, so ter speak, an' yer can't tramp it down under th' beams like yer kin po'try. Talkin' of literatoor, I mind an argyment Si McKee had with th' English chap as bought me out w'en him an' I wuz takin' stock one evenin'. Mr. Brownson wuz his name. He hed jes' said sumthen 'bout th' purist English bein' spoke where he cum from—London—an' old Si sez, "Well," he sez, "ef you're a good sample uv a Londoner I'd like to ask yer a few questions regardin' pronounsiation." "Alright," sez Brownson, "go ahead," he sez. "Well," sez Si, "I fust an' foremost, how'd you pronounce p-a-w-s-l?"

"W'y this way," sez Brownson—"paughs.'

"Very good," sez Si, "an' how would yer pronounce p-a-u-s-e?"

"Paughs," sez th' English chap, same as afore.

"An' p-o-r-e-s?"

"Paughs," he sez agin.

"An' speakin' of somethin' belongin' to your father, how'd you pronounce p-a 'postrify s."

"Paughs," sez Mr. Brownson, without thinkin' a second.

Si, he considered a while 'n then he remarked: "Well, they's jes one more word, 'n thet is p-o-o-r 'postrify s, belongin' to the poor, how would yer say thet?"

"Paughs," sez t'other, jes the same way agin. Si didn't say nothin' fer a while, but sat there an' chawed meditativ-like, ez though he'd got a cud; then he turns round ter me an' sezzee, "Well," he sez, "I guess th' best thing I kin set my son Bill at fer a livin' ez ter go over ter London ter teach these yer five million people ez all talks like thet the proper way ter pronounce the English langwidge," he sez.

P. S.—Th' editor sez I've writ too much, so I'll finish this interestin' narrytiv sum other time.

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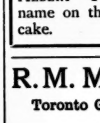
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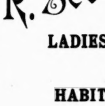
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CHAPTER XIX.

BEN SHERWIN'S EXPEDITION TO HOXTON.

It was a bright, clear morning when Ben Sherwin set off in pursuit of information respecting Mary Stebbing of old, now known as Pollie Jeaters. The dispatch of the night before had been too mild to father unpleasant results in the morning, and Ben was like the weather, in the best of humor. Indeed, it would take very serious trouble to depress him, and to-day all things tended to exhilarate and stimulate his buoyant nature.

The night before, the man to whom he thought most in all the world had opened his heart to him, taken him into confidence and into partnership at the one time, and Ben felt proud of the prospect of being a member of the firm of John Crane & Co., Watchmakers and Opticians, Water lane, North Furham, he was more flattered and elated by the personal regard displayed towards him by the man he held higher in esteem than anyone else he had ever before encountered. To be honest and fearless and just and indomitable and honorable and generous, was in Ben's mind to be an angel. All these things John Crane was to Ben, and one thing more to boot, Ben's friend; so that the virtues which in the abstract would make up an angel in Ben's mind, made up in Ben's friend and confidant, John Crane, a god.

Ben lived at North Furham, and although there was railway communication between that place and the city, and Ben's duties lies due north of the city, he chose to go by another route. He was not a philosopher in the severe meaning of the word, but in one respect he acted as though he owned all knowledge, and was wise beyond wisdom's self as well—he took delight of life when he could. One of his ways of it held to be a voyage on the lower Thames of a bright sunshiny day. Accordingly, he crossed the river by the great steam ferry at Furham, and jumped on a tramcar bound for Verdon.

He had a gay, romantic soul, and on the way he treated himself to one piece of chivalric gallantry: in passing Monsieur Beaucaire with his hat, bowed and kissed his hand to the shrine of his friend's goddess. He was a lightly built man of no great power, but as he saw Miss Edith Orr's house he would have given all the world for the chance of engaging a Life Guardsman in deadly combat for the fair lady's sake. He cheered his soul with thoughts of bursting through a paralyzed and apathetic crowd to fly to her rescue in the burning house. He swam ashore from the grinding wreck through the perilous surf with her lovely head on his shoulder, and after each of his triumphs handed her over to his friend, John Crane, with a melancholy smile, to be followed by a choking sob when he found himself sufficiently alone not to be misunderstood, with yet a sufficient audience for present appreciation and eternal record of his unselfish heroism. But there was none of the cheap heroic in him. If occasion demanded he would have attempted all he imagined.

The penny river steam boats started on their upward voyage from Verdon, and there Ben got aboard one, lit his pipe, and considered that he became interesting, since he had there and then started on an adventure.

Crane had not been able to give him any definite clue to the late whereabouts of Pollie Jeaters. She had been employed at some draper's before her name had left his mind for some time after it Hoxton had been her home. To the best of Crane's knowledge, she was small, light-haired, pretty, and that in these descriptive particulars were not worthy of much reliance.

Sherwin in some matters had an ardent imagination. Up to this moment he had devised no plan of search. He had not given a moment's thought to how he should proceed. Crane had told him that the missing cousin was young and pretty. That was a great deal to Ben, enough to waft him to the ends of the earth. When Crane had confessed to him that his object in seeking this young and pretty cousin was—first, to ascertain if she could give any information of their uncle's and further, more to convey the news to her of the uncle's death; and, Crane told Ben privately, that if Arthur Stebbing had left property to a considerable amount, certainly some of it would find his way to pretty Mary Jeaters, could any other mission be so wholly delightful as this one! There could, of course, be no grief for an old man whom pretty Mary had never seen, and the beauty of the lost cousin (and this would line Ben beyond the seas) and the generous intentions of John Crane, made a very magic carpet on which Ben reposed as he floated through the rosy clouds of young romance.

The sight of a poetess on the steamboat was the first thing to suggest the difficulties of his enterprise and give his thoughts a practical turn. Until then he had been going forward in a vague assurance that the charming nature of his expedition, the universal amiability of the human race, and the conjunction of sympathies around him and in his own soul, would suffice to lead him without effort to success.

"I'm on my way to Hoxton," he said, addressing the postman. "I want to find a person who lived there three years ago—a lady who got married. I know her maiden name and married name, and I know that I don't know anything of her except that she was at business in a drapery house, and that she married a swell. How ought I to go about about finding her?"

"Very few swells live there. Does she live in Hoxton still?"

"Why, that is part of what I want to find out."

"Well, if she's a householder you'll find her in the directory; if she isn't, it will take you some time."

"Couldn't the postoffice help me?"

The postman shook his head.

"Or the police?"

"I hope not," said the postman with a smile. "Of course, if she's well known to them—but good morning, I get ashore here," and he was gone, leaving Sherwin a good deal put out by the mere shadow of difficulties which he had not contemplated.

Nothing further could be done on board the steamboat, so he banished the whole thing from his mind and turned his undivided attention to enjoying the music of the band, the lovely weather, and the privilege of adoring in covert glances the pretty girls among the travelers.

The music made the October sunlight clearer and sharper and brighter and warmer; and the sunlight made the music more subtle in the pulse and tender in the appeal, and the presence of beautiful girls made an ethereal sweetness in the mind until he felt he was living in a glorious immortality. He could fancy if he chose, and the Thames was a celestial river, and the ships were argosies from the spice island, and merely to listen, and look, and breathe was heaven.

Then the music stopped, and he came down from a great height, but was still among the clouds, sailing away on his magic carpet. He dropped his penny into the tin money-box of the boatman and stepped ashore at London Bridge, and was suddenly filled with a sense of his own importance when he felt the dust of the city under his feet, for was not this the home of the mightiest merchant companies on earth? and was not he a member of a mercantile company now? Even at this moment was he not taking his first step towards the Bank and the Mansion House—the goals of all men engaged in the trade in mighty London!

Upon his arrival in the city, great seriousness came upon Sherwin. He felt acutely his importance as a prominent member of the great city. To be sure, he was not yet prominent or a denizen of the city, but it was as well to consider himself and comfort himself as though he were. He gave his face a sombre and business-like cast, and looked around him as though responsible for the destinies of the capital and the weight were about as much as he or any mere man could bear. All the romance, except the romance of trade and commerce, went out of him, and he felt that he must carry himself with the air of a bank director at least. This was a new and delightful sensation.

He passed the Bank and turning into the first public-house in Princes street, asked to see the Postoffice Directory. In all Hoxton he could not find a single householder of the name of Jeaters. It was not a common name, and this was a point in his favor. If it happened to be Jones or Smith he must have sunk down in despair before the task of looking up the members of these great families.

By another lucky accident Hoxton is not a place rich in drapers. He made a list of those in the directory, and set on his voyage of enquiries in a state of high self-commendation.

He had never been in Hoxton before and he registered a vow, that unless the ward (if it was a ward of the city) by and by proved an alderman, he would never put foot in it again. Like most other Londoners born, he knew little of his native town, and he thought for wild dismalness you an' your Hoxton could compeel from Chelsea to Blackwall. True, he had been in many poorer parts. There did not seem to be much poverty of the grinding kind here, but for heart-breaking hopelessness, Hoxton seemed the direst and most deadly. Nothing but a sense of duty sustained him.

At what seemed to be the principal draper's of the district, he found a trace of Miss Mary Stebbing. A young lady of that name had, three or four years ago, been employed at that establishment. The proprietor believed she had married, but he could not remember anything more of the circumstance. He appealed to one of his young ladies for help.

His young ladies remembered the minutest circumstances of the marriage, and well with decent maiden rapture on the appearances of the bride, and with enthusiasm on the good looks of the bridegroom, a man with an unusual name. Yes, Jeaters; that was it.

"And do you know where she went to live when she married this beautiful man?" asked Sherwin, with a smile of good humored ridicule. He was not particularly good-looking himself, and the united voices of the charming young ladies all pradsing the appearance of an absent man, and a man to him unknown, was trying, when here stood he present, well known to himself, and only willing to be favorably regarded by ladies!

"Oh, yes; they went to the lodge in the Grove."

"The Grove!" said Sherwin, with a laugh. "The Grove, Hoxton. It is not the place you would expect to find a grove. It seems to me it would be an excellent place for a cemetery."

"And so Hoxton is," said the prettiest and most vivacious of three young ladies. "Hoxton is not only an excellent place for a cemetery, but one of the most well conducted cemeteries in London, as far as the dead are concerned. There are more brains buried in one little bit of the cemetery to-day than in all the other London cemeteries put together. Bunyan, that wrote the Pilgrim's Progress, and Defoe, that wrote Robinson Crusoe, and Dr. Watts, that wrote the hymns, and lots of other men of great brains are buried here."

"It may be a good place for burying brains," said Sherwin, with a bow and a smile, "but they can't have buried any beauty there."

"Beauty! Why can they not have buried much beauty there?" said the prettiest, and the brightest, and the most vivacious of the three young ladies.

"Because," said Sherwin, putting his hand on his heart, and bowing profoundly, "I find so much beauty where proceeds from."

"Oh, indeed!" she cried, and tossed her head, and laughed, and two other young ladies laughed and the draper smiled, partly because he was good-natured and no tyrant (there are no tyrants in Hoxton), and partly because a compliment to his staff was a compliment to his house, and a compliment to his house was pleasant to him, so far as it went, efficient to do business.

"Anyway," said the most vivacious, "when Miss Stebbing married Mr. Jeaters they took lodgings at Mrs. Wrothbey's, 14 the Grove, and they live there still."

Greatly pleased and elated by the discovery and the agreeable dialogue preceding it, Sherwin set out for the Grove, a street less depressing than those through which he had been passing.

He knocked at No. 14 with the expectation of seeing Mrs. Jeaters, in a minute. To his disappointment he found she had left the place a few days ago. Did Mrs. Wrothbey know Mrs. Jeaters' address? No, but she knew the next best thing. She knew where the cabman who had taken them away lived. If the gentleman wished it, Mrs. Wrothbey would send her little boy round with him to the cabman's house.

"Could you tell me," said Sherwin, "if they have taken a house—though of course they have. No one could be lately in any temptation to exchange these charming lodgings for other lodgings."

Mrs. Wrothbey smiled and shook her head. "I am sure I don't know. Mrs. Jeaters, poor thing, had not been to the new place and Mr. Jeaters did not seem disposed to tell much about it. I think it must have been to lodgings, for they had no furniture here, of course. They took nothing out of this but their boxes and portmanteaux. Mr. Jeaters arranged all about their new home, no doubt, because Mrs. Jeaters, poor thing, was too weak and delicate to look after anything of the kind. All I know is, that he said it was a good way off and all ready for them to go in."

Mrs. Wrothbey's little boy, a precocious and furtive lad of ten or twelve, being now at hand, and ready, Sherwin set off to the cabman's. The driver was out and would not be home till six or seven that evening.

"I remember him taking the people from 14 the Grove," said the driver's wife. "Mrs. Wrothbey sent word round the day before, and my husband is quite sure, sir, to remember where he drove them, so you may make your mind easy about finding your friends."

Sherwin left his name and Crane's address, and the money for the telegram.

"So that you think I may be quite certain of having word this evening?"

"Oh, quite sure, sir; you'll have the Jeaters' new address this evening without fail."

CHAPTER XX.

A CLAIM FOR SALVAGE.

"Did you hear that, George?"

"Hear that! For a sign I have ears! You don't take me for deaf, do you?" said the waterman, scornfully.

"And what do you make of it?" asked Jim Natchbrook.

"Make of it! What do I make of it? What do you make of it? What could any living fool make of it but that someone had throwed himself in the river. That's what I make of it. Now then, if you want to get a ferry home to the Isle of Dogs to night, jump in, an' don't you go overboard, or you'll get drowned too, and then there will be no marriage this day week, but most likely a buryin', an you'd be the principal attraction as that funeral with the mourning coach behind you. Jump in, I say. There'll be no moon till later an' it's dark enough to choke a man."

The young man jumped into the boat off the Verdon stairs, and Sayers shoved off. The tide was running up strong, and Sayers pulled a few strokes leading down stream.

"You don't mean to say, George, that if it's a man you'll let him drown! Pull on George, pull on, the sound was down stream."

"First, if a man is going to drown himself, that's his own business, an' not mine, an' this here England as far as I know is a free country, an' the sort of rubbish that throws theirselfs into the river isn't worth the pulling out of it."

"For heaven's sake pull on and try if you can see anything. This is awful, I call it."

"In the second place, Jim Natchbrook, you ain't a married man, at least not yet, an' you haven't wife an' family to support, an' you don't know nothin' about the ways of the river, or how a livin' is to be got out of it. You'd best stick to your Woolwich infants an' them other life-savin' apparatus they make in the government factory where you work, an' leave me to get my livin' as best I can. D'you hear, I'm givin' you a free ferry to night, an' 'tisn't for you to interfere. It's too soon for me to meddle with that party yet"—he pulled a few strokes and nodded over his shoulder. "There sort of parties as throws theirselfs in is no good for king or country while they're of that kind of mind. Later on, a hard-workin' waterman might make a dollar by them. You stick to your Woolwich infants and other life-savin' apparatus in the arsenal."

"George, I can't stand this. Pull, man, or I'll jump overboard and swim to the place."

"Rubbish! Swim against a tide like that! Rubbish! I've seen a man jump off a ferry boat, an' I've got the coroner's five bob for him. But you're a friend, an' I don't want no crown from the coroner for you. I don't want you to pay me ferry that way, an' rather have three of rum from you livin' Jim, than the coroner's five bob for you, as a flshed-up 'un, because I like you; an' your father and me were 'prenticed together, an' many's the dead 'un we got separate an' together, an' I'd rather have three of rum from livin' pocket than the St. George an' the Dragon in silver for you from the coroner. Can I say anything more friendly than that? If you know a man that has a friendlier feeling than that, I'll turn up to him hard-reached by him in the way of friendship."

"My God!" cried the young man, starting up in the boat. "There's another white floating by. Pull your left for your life."

Sayers looked over the right shoulder and pulled his left hand. "So there is," he said; "there's something white, an' it's a woman this time, an' she hasn't got even a rig-out on her; not so much as a pocket with a thimble an' a love letter."

By this time the young man had crawled forward. Notwithstanding all he had said, Sayers was pulling for the white patch on the dark water. The boat was immediately upon the white patch, and Natchbrook, leaning over the side, seized something floating in the water, and was trying to haul it into the boat.

"Lend a hand here, George," cried Natchbrook, as he lifted the head and neck of a woman out of the water and drew the arms into the boat.

"You're not going to take it aboard!" cried Sayers. "Haul it aft, an' take the painter with you and make it fast astern."

"But it's a woman."

"Worse luck."

"And she's warm. She's alive!"

"Worst luck of all. Now I'm properly swindled! an' by the son of an old mate I was trying to give the free emigration task to! S'help me, it's too bad—regular swindle I call it."

Sayers rose, notwithstanding his grumbling, and helped to get the insensible woman into the boat. "Why, she's got only her nightgown on, and that's torn and knocked about. Here, slip my coat on her, an' take off the stern thwarts and wrap it around her. Lay her down flat on the stern sheets. . . . Wrong, you awk'ard fool! Where have you reared that you don't know how to 'andle a person rescued from drowndin'? Did you never read of the society's medals a-winnin' you went fishin' for hask's heads off the steamboat pier of a bank holiday! . . . Here, leave her to me. I understand such matters. You take the sculls and pull. We've about drifted up to Richmond by this time."

"She's got rings on her fingers," said Natchbrook, as he sat down and took up the oars.

"Has she, now!" sneered Sayers, "an' judging by the contents of your own jewelry case, Mr. Jim Natchbrook, I'd be sure, as I think them rings are worth a thousand or fifty thousand pounds! Maybe you noticed if she had the Koh-i-noor on her thumb? Young men are so wonderful for takin' notice of things these times!"

"I mean no harm," said the young man, as he pulled across the tide for the Isle of Dogs.

"Of course not. Oh, of course not!" said Sayers jeeringly. "And I don't mean any harm either when I say that if you make out an inventory of the property found on the young lady I'll sign it."

"Knock it off, George. You've slanged me enough about my harmless remark. I meant nothing."

"Slanged him enough!" said Sayers, in a tone of pious astonishment, "an' I haven't said a word that would blister a new-born baby's lips. Me, that could make the tar on a collier's plank flow with a verb if I put my mind to it. Me slangin' him, an' I not even whisperin 'a lullaby! . . . A young man of great observation truly, is Mr. James Natchbrook, esquire, to notice them two rings!"

"Drop it, I say, old man! Drop it. I'm sorry if I offended you. A man like you who never had reached on a living or a dead 'un in all your life oughtn't to be so touchy about a remark that only applies to a landshark. You ought to be above taking notice of what a landlubber like me says about seafaring matters. How's the woman getting on?"

"Getting on fine," said Sayers. The last few words of the young man gave him an uneasy feeling that Jim Natchbrook might be able to take care of himself if a wordy row arose, as he certainly would be able to take care of himself in the other kind of row. "She's getting on proper, an' will dance at your wedding, or I'm a nigger."

For a few minutes Natchbrook rowed in silence, cutting the strong flood-tide towards the northern shore.

"She's coming to now," said Sayers, "most women do come to if you give them the chance. There's no trusting them."

In a few minutes more the stairs were reached. By this time the woman in the stern sheets had recovered consciousness, and lay with chattering teeth, shivering and moaning.

Wrapping the coat and rug closely round her, the two men carried her up the stairs.

"Let's take her to my place," said Natchbrook, "my mother will look after her. My mother is the kindest soul alive."

"And a bit soft, like her only darling," said Sayers scornfully, as they set off.

They were in a broad, well lighted street off which ran a number of small poor streets, and down one of the latter they presently turned, bearing the form of the woman between them.

"She's awful light," said Natchbrook sympathetically.

"Ay," said Sayers philosophically, "women mostly dry theirselfs thin before they come to the river. It's their nature."

Natchbrook stopped at the door of a small shop and knocked with his knuckles. A light approached the door, which in a minute was opened by an old woman of rugged, kindly appearance.

"Mercy on us! What have you there?" cried the old woman, starting back and almost dropping the lamp.

"A poor woman who we found drowning in the river. She's coming to. She'll be all right in the morning. You look after her, mother, won't you?"

"Carry her up to my room. I'll look after the poor thing, to be sure. Lay her on my bed. How did she get into the water? Threw herself in?"

"We don't know, mother. It doesn't look like as if she threw herself in, for she's not dressed. She has nothing on but her nightgown."

"Mercy on us! Then she must have fallen out of a window."

"Or throwed herself in," said Sayers grimly.

"Anyway, she hasn't got her bathing costoom on."

The two men descended, leaving the rescued woman in charge of Mrs. Natchbrook. When they were in the little room behind the shop, the young man produced a small flat bottle and poured out some rum for the waterman and himself. Sayers drank it at one go, a gulp, coughed, and said: "Jim Natchbrook, you're not to forget one thing about this night's work, you're to keep one thing clear in your mind."

"What is it? You look solemn enough, anyway. You don't think I threw the woman into the water?"

"No, I don't suppose you have spirit enough to do that. But you did a more solemn thing than heaving the woman in the water."

"Well, out with it whatever it is."

"It's more solemn than throwing that woman into the tide. You not only took the inventory of that woman's property, but you took the property itself."

"I?" exclaimed the young man in wild amazement; "I?"

"Yes, you—you not only have the inventory of the property but you have the property itself on the finger of the woman upstairs."

"But where else have her own rings a right to be but on her own finger? They're not yours nor mine!" cried the young man indignantly.

"But I'd have you to know this, that no matter whose property they are, or where they are, I have a claim on them."

"A claim on the poor woman's rings!"

"Yes, a claim on the woman's rings. Only for me an' my boat where'd the woman an' her rings be now? And on the rings I have a claim for salvage."

"Salvage!"

"Ay, an' there's no claim more solemn than a claim for salvage. Let me tell you that, you mud pilot, younker."

"Well, I'm sure I didn't know anything about salvage," said Natchbrook, with a perplexed air.

"Of course you do not, and if you want to find out you must go to the Court of Admiralty or the Trinity House. But you interfered with me in my business as a waterman. You would not let things alone, an' I don't say whether I'm glad or sorry, but you made me lose a crown job an' my claim for salvage against them rings is five bob. I can't say fairer, can I?"

At that moment the door opened, and Mrs. Natchbrook came in, caught up the flat bottle and said hurriedly: "She's in bed and comfortable, and I'm going to give her a drop of this. She wont, or can't say anything just now, poor thing. All I could get out of her, and that in a voice more sorrowful than ever I heard before, was when I asked her to tell me her name, she said: 'My name is Pollie. There was a man once and he gave me his love, and he gave me his name, and then he took away his love, and I do not want his name without his love, and I have no name but Pollie!' I think the poor creature is dying; I'll run off and get her a drop of rum."

(To be Continued.)

Left Out.

"The man that made my toy horse fordot somepin, mamma," said Tommy.

"What was that, dear?"

"He fordot to put some go in his legs.

A Crushing Bereavement.

Sympathetic Friend—Dear me, old fellow! I'm sorry to see you in mourning—I hadn't heard—whom have you lost?

Suburban Resident—Our cook—she left last week.

Prepared to Contest.

Barclay Wyckoff—So your uncle was eighty-eight when he died; did he retain full possession of his faculties?

Pelham Parker—I—er—really couldn't say. The will hasn't been read yet.

A Problem.

Mr. Ballyhoo (in his first open back shirt)—I don't know, not I how it buttoned; an' now will yez be tellin' me how to tur-r-rn it round?

The Plagiarist.

"Some of Penn Dennis's verses are worthy of Thackeray."

"Yes. Thackeray evidently thought so himself. He used to write practically the same things."

BEECHAM'S PILLS will save doctor's bills.

The Devotion of a Woman.

Mr. Waytrane—Well, dearie, I must be off. Good-bye. (Kisses her affectionately.)

Mrs. Waytrane—Oh, Jack, but that awful accident on the road yesterday! And to think you it was not I how it buttoned; an' now will yez be tellin' me how to tur-r-rn it round?

Mr. Waytrane (reassuringly)—Now, now, pet, don't anticipate evil. I only wish I could stay with you, but business, you know—

Mrs. Waytrane (resignedly)—Yes, of course; but, dear, you must be careful, you know.

Mr. Waytrane—I will be careful. I shall remember every moment how anxious you are.

Mrs. Waytrane—But I mean you ought to take precautions for my sake.

Mr. Waytrane (fervently)—I shall, indeed. Of course there is not much one can do to avert railway accidents—

Mrs. Waytrane—I mean—you ought to have your affairs arranged. I'm sure you've never made a will, and I haven't an idea how to go about getting your insurance money or anything. I was just reflecting that if something dreadful should happen, what would become of me!

Mr. Waytrane (after a long pause)—Oh, you'd get along, I think. Well, I'm off. Good-bye.

Mrs. Waytrane (sadly)—And he leaves me in that cold, careless manner, when I have just shown how devotedly I feel! How heartless men are! How little they understand the devotion of a woman!

Cleaver's Juvenia Soap

Marvellous Effect ! !
Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion.
DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT.
The ingredients are perfectly pure, and WE CANNOT SPEAK TOO HIGHLY OF THEM.
The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL.
JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any colouring matter, and contains about the smallest quantity possible of water. From careful analysis and a knowledge of the whole process of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to rank amongst the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. Redwood, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.; T. Hayes Redwood, F.I.C., F.C.S.; A. J. De Haelen, F.I.C., F.C.S.
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To All Athletes.

A member of the Liverpool, Eng., Harriers, Mr. William Pearson, writes as follows: "I believe St. Jacobs Oil to be the best thing ever used for curing and preventing soreness and stiffening of the chords and muscles after sever exercise. Having used the oil myself and knowing other members of the club who use no other remedy after their exercises and races, I have no hesitation in recommending it to all athletes."

Strange But True

"Come into the cabin," said the captain to the diver, "and have a drink!"

"Thanks. Guess I will," returned the diver. "This submarine business is pretty dry work."

A Fashionable Drink.

Menier Chocolate is a fashionable drink. Did you ever try it? Send postal card for samples and directions to C. Alfred Chouillou, Montreal.

His Puzzle.

"Mamma," said Georgie, who is beginning to wrestle with figures, "how do you write thirty-three? Now I can make the three; but how do you put down the thirty?"

With Invalids.

Yes! with invalids the appetite is capricious and needs coaxing, that is just the reason its improve so rapidly under Scott's Emulsion, which is as palatable as cream.

An Unwholesome Appetite.

Sharpe—Lambly has a taste for inventions. Keene—Well, I presume that is why he swallows every lie that is told to him.

IT RESTS THE BACK

Most women know all about the misery of washday. To many it means Backache, Sore Hands, Hard Rubbing over a steaming tub, and long hours. This falls to the lot of those who use poor, cheap, and injurious soaps.

HOW DIFFERENT IS THE RESULT WHEN **Sunlight SOAP** IS USED

This Soap does away with Hard Rubbing, Tired Backs, Hot Steam, and Sore Hands. It brings comfort to millions of homes, and will do so to yours if you will use it.

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PRICE 25 CTS.
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ATKINSON'S
Parisian Tooth Paste
FOR CLEANING THE TEETH
30 YEARS IN USE

The Johnstown Tramp.

He was a tall, heavily built man, with a massive frame of nearly six feet and a half, excellently proportioned; a firm, decisive step, yet withal a graceful carriage, and a handsome, bronzed face, set off by a long, sandy mustache and goatee, slightly tinged with gray.

As he walked down the corridor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel a few evenings ago, strangers mistook him for "Buffalo Bill," but those who knew pointed him out as Gen. D. H. Hastings of Pennsylvania, who controlled the affairs of the stricken city of Johnstown at the time of the great flood and when that part of the country was in dire need of just such a leader as he.

He has just returned from a week's campaign work in Connecticut, and for a time was lost to all else but politics. Later, however, a little group gathered around him as before the ruddy glow of a congenial bivouac, and in less time than it takes to tell it, they had turned the conversation upon Johnstown.

"What do you consider, General, was the most interesting incident that came under your notice while you were there?" asked a man sitting on the end of the settee.

"The most interesting happening," said the general slowly, "was a strange portion of the history of a man's life, broken just as so many of them are at the wrong time. The matter impressed me deeply at the time, and cast a pall of sadness over me that I was unable to lift for weeks afterward.

"Being among the first to arrive at Johnstown after the news had been flashed around the globe, I spent some time in looking about the place and trying to realize the enormity of the calamity. I then set to work with the men who had accompanied me, gathering up bodies and laying them in rows. Engaged in this frightful occupation, one could think of nothing else but the horror of the situation. I was suddenly brought to my senses for the first time by a remark by one of the men, who said that it was nearly midnight and he was hungry. We then decided to stop for the night, and in a moment we were all shivering with cold and hungry enough to eat anything.

"While we were standing under an old shed near the Baltimore and Ohio depot, one of the men who had been working with us—a stranger to me—busied himself in a quiet way and in a quiet way had built a roaring big fire, around which we gathered, hardly waiting to be asked. It was very warm and comfortable, but I noticed that the man who had been so thoughtful merely warmed his hands and then disappeared.

"In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes he returned, carrying a big coffee pot and a bag of coffee. Without saying a word he boiled the water, and soon after the appetizing aroma had reached our nostrils, he said: 'Gents, there's some coffee here if you want it. I thought it might taste good.'

"No second invitation was needed, and not a drop passed the lips of any man present before he had first extended his thanks to the thoughtful stranger. He was the last to drink, and, I'm sorry to say, his share was much smaller than the other portions. I then began to look the man over. He seemed to have a peculiar air of refinement about him, although his clothes were pretty bad and his beard very unevenly grown. Being unable to hold my curiosity any longer, I finally went over to where he was standing and saw there were tears in his eyes.

"'Have you lost any of your family, my friend?' I asked.

"'No,' was the reply, accompanied by a heavy gulp.

"'Lost any of your friends or your property?'

"'Nothing,' was the quiet reply.

"'Oh, then you worked here?' I ventured.

"'Stranger,' said he, and the tears gathered in his eyes, 'I haven't done any work for the past five years, and seeing that you are kinder anxious, I'll tell you. I'm a tramp, pure and simple, and I happened to be on this part of the earth when the flood took place. I got away safe on the hill over in Cambria, but I couldn't go away with such suffering around me, and I'm going to stay and help these poor people all I can.' Now his tears fell freely.

"I shook hands warmly with him, and told him to report to me at six o'clock the next morning. A few minutes before six o'clock the stranger appeared, just as quiet as ever. When I had established my headquarters I called him over and asked him his name.

"'Jim,' he replied.

"'But your last name?'

"'Jim will do, General. That's what I'm called.'

"Well, I put Jim to work to find what was in him more than anything else, and, to my surprise, he worked like a beaver. Two days later I put him on the salary list, and it pleased him very much. Of the forty-seven days I was at Johnstown, Jim was with me forty-five, and whenever I wanted to be sure of a thing I sent Jim to do it for me. He carried numerous important messages, and many a time went without sleep for forty-eight hours or more.

"During one of our quiet spells I learned from Jim that he had a wife and three children living in a little town near Boston, Mass. Five years ago he had quarreled with his wife and in a fit of passion they had separated, she going to her parents and he starting out to tramp. Further than this he refused to talk, and I advised him to think about going back and finding her. He seemed to be deeply affected, and said he would go when his work was finished. The day before I was to leave Jim came up and after saluting me, as he always did, said:

"'General, I hear that you are going away to-morrow. If that's so, I'm going too.'

"'Well, Jim,' I said, 'I hope you are going the right way.'

"He brightened up and, hitting his pocket a slap, said:

"'General, I've got $68 there, and I'm going home to find my wife and little ones.'

"'Good for you, Jim,' I replied, 'and I will take you with me when I go and have you passed all the way home.'

"He was very profuse in his thanks, and shortly afterward I sent him over to the barber to get shaved and gave him an order for a suit of clothes. When he returned and presented himself to me I hardly knew him. He had a fine, long, flowing mustache and looked every inch a gentleman.

"'Why, Jim,' I said, 'I am surprised. You look splendid.'

"He laughed loudly, for he had been drinking a little for the first time since his arrival. Then in a confidential tone he said:

"'General, I was at one time a reporter on the Boston *Globe* and made good money. So you see I'm not much of a tramp after all. But that's all right, General, I'll be ready to go with you after I've had two or three nips of this,' and he pulled out a small whisky flask.

"He started off, and I watched him going down the road toward the bridge. Every little distance he would stop to talk to one of his acquaintances, and of course a farewell drink would follow. Long after he had disappeared I stood thinking of the man—not of his momentary weakness—but of his true nature.

"An hour and a half later two of my men came in and told me that Jim had met with an accident. I quickly followed them up to the bridge, and, pushing through a small crowd on the side track, there I saw Jim lying unconscious with both legs cut off above the knees. He had fallen asleep under a train of freight cars which had been switched off the side track without warning. We gathered the poor fellow up and took him to the hospital on the hill, where five of us did all we could to make him comfortable and ease his pain. That night we all remained at his bedside.

"Toward morning he grew more quiet and finally opened his eyes. He groped for my hand, and when he held it the tears began to flow in little streams down his pale cheeks.

"'General,' he murmured, 'I meant well. I tried to do what was right. You—you don't think too bad of me, do you, General? My poor—poor—'

"The first ray of sunshine flashed through the window and found a resting-place on Jim's bed. With the going of the night his soul had fled."

For a moment the general paused. Those about him moved slightly, but did not look into the face of the speaker.

"Of all the funerals in Johnstown," he continued, "Jim's was the nicest and best. His casket was strewn with flowers, and one of the saddest moments of my life came upon me when they threw the first spadeful of earth on Jim's coffin.

"Above the lowly little mound, lying apart from all the others, we erected a little monument—a heavy piece of hickory board painted white—and upon it was inscribed in plain black letters: 'Only Jim.'"—*Gen. Hastings in New York Recorder.*

Black on Black.

Saleswoman—Yes; they are our best black stockings.
Miss Ebony Cole (anxiously)—Are yo' sure de black won't come off on de laigs?—*Puck.*

Bill Healey's Buffalos.

"Old Bill Healey, he used to live over in China."

What started the conversation was a buffalo coat—an old one in a Lewiston hotel, with the hair worn down to the hide.

"Time was when them was cheap," said the bystanders. "Now they're expensive as the best."

"Old Bill Healey——" said the other man, trying to edge into the conversation.

"A buffalo robe in them days," said the other man, "could be bought for four dollars and up'ards, or down'ards for that matter. They was plenty. They was——"

"Old Bill Healey, he lived over in China."

It was no use stopping him now, and he was given the pole from start to finish.

"Old Bill was a drover and he was a rich man for them parts in them days. I suppose he was worth $150,000 and he always carried a good slice of it in his trowsers pocket.

"Well, speaking of buffalo robes reminds me of a good story. Bill Healey went to Brighton once with a load of cattle—fat cattle and good as you ever see. Old Bill sold 'em and went into Boston and wandered down on the wharves and by the depots to see what he could find. Well, he struck there just as they was about to bid off a cargo of buffalo robes. They were in bales and there was a pile of 'em, a big pile of 'em. Old Bill was a slouchy-looking old fellow, didn't look as though he had a dollar, and as he slipped into the party of buyers he noticed a very elegant lot of gentlemen with tall hats and canes and white chokers.

"The terms of the sale were this: The bidder could take one bale or ten bales or the whole cargo. Well, Bill began to bid. He was in it kind of quietly, and when he bid them Boston fellows just turned their eye glasses on him and looked him over. 'A common person,' said they. 'He can't be buying many of them.' So when Old Bill bid a little over 'em they quietly withdrew, thinking that he wouldn't take many and that they could handle the lot. In this way, you see, the lot fell to Bill.

"'How many bales?' said the auctioneer.

"'The hull lot,' said Bill.

"'What!' shrieked they.

"'Do you know, sir, that the terms of this sale are cash and that it means a good many thousand dollars?' said the auctioneer.

"'You count out your durned bales and I'll count you out the cash,' and old Bill pulled out a roll as big as your hat and them Boston men were paralyzed.

"Well, sir, them buffalo robes came to China, Me., and Waterville, and were sold for $5 a pair. Farmers came from hundreds of miles to buy them. Old Bill made a stack of money on them and to-day in Waterville or China or other Kennebec towns, you can see buffalo robes whose history, you will be told, traces back to the lot that Bill Healey brought to China. Maine is full of 'em."—*Lewiston Journal.*

Hermann and the Sultan's Watch.

"During the passage on the yacht I was brought into close contact with the Sultan and noticed that he had a most magnificent watch, which he consulted and handled as if it were the apple of his eye," writes Hermann in the *North American Review.* "This, of course, was a good thing for me, for, as I was performing before him personally, it was not etiquette to take anything from the audience. I therefore asked him to take out his watch and show it to me, which he did. I then said:

"'Will your imperial majesty allow me to throw this watch overboard?'

"He laughed at first, but a second afterwards his brow darkened and he looked a little bit as if he was offended with me for making the request.

"'If,' said I, 'I do not return the watch to you exactly as you gave it to me, you can put me in irons for the rest of my life if you want to.'

"The Sultan looked me straight in the eye with a piercing glance for a second, handed the watch to me, and I instantly threw it into the waves of the Bosphorous. The yacht careened over, for every individual, from the cabin boy on the forecastle to the Sultan himself astern, rushed to the side and looked overboard after the watch. I felt that if anything went wrong with this trick I certainly should be put in irons; but I called for a fishing line, and instead of showing my anxiety, at once proceeded to do a little fishing, while everyone looked at me, not so much with astonishment as with pure disbelief in my ability to recover the watch, which was not only one of the things in the world the Sultan liked, but was worth a great deal more than any watch I myself had ever seen.

"My fishing, however, happened to be prosperous, for in a few minutes I drew up a little shiner and landed him safely on deck. I brought it before the Sultan, took out my pocket-knife, ripped open the fish, and presented the watch to his majesty in, of course, exactly the same condition as it was when he handed it to me. Turks, as a rule, are not very demonstrative, and I found in after life that to make a Turk laugh heartily is impossible. They smile, look pleased, and with their dainty pointed nails pick their beards, but on this occasion every Turk, from the Sultan and his blue-blooded Pashas to the sailors in the forecastle, sent up one howl of delight that floated over the beautiful Golden Horn and re-echoed from the hills of Asia."

An Implied Slight.

Mr. Golden Gates—I never knew till to-day that Mr. Jackson Parks is a Jew.

Mr. Charles Rivers—He isn't. What makes you think he is?

Mr. Golden Gates.—We had dinner together, and he got very angry when I asked him if he would like some roast pork.

Mr. Charles Rivers—That was not because he is a Jew. It is because he is a Chicagoan.

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AYER'S Sarsaparilla at all seasons. In the ***Spring,*** it removes that tired feeling, cleanses and vitalizes the circulation, and prepares one to successfully contend with the debilitating effects of the heated term. In the ***Summer,*** it quickens the appetite, regulates the liver, and makes the weak strong. In the ***Autumn,*** it tones up the nerves and protects the system from malarial influences. In the ***Winter,*** it enriches the blood, and invigorates every organ and tissue of the body.

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Has cured others, will cure you

A Hazardous Undertaking.

"Good-bye; I am going away to get material for a book I'm going to write."

"What's your book to be about?"

"I shall call it Travels Among Wild Men, Barbarians and Savages."

"Then you are going to Africa?"

"No: I am going to spend a week at Bayshore and Islip."

His Statement.

She—Where were you last night so late that you couldn't get home until either one or midnight?

He—I was down at Jack Barney's office, helping him to make out some statements.

She—Oh, you were, eh! Well, let me tell you this: If Mr. Barney's statements aren't any more reliable than the one you have just made, there will be some tall kicking among his customers.

The Latest Improvements.

"John, is the cistern full?"

"It rained all night, and it's running over."

"Then write on the bills of fare 'nothing but distilled water used in this hotel.'"

Magnificent Bluff on a Slow Train.

Conductor—Tickets please.
Tired Traveler—I gave you my ticket some forty miles back. I guess you don't recognize me. I've growed dese whiskers since den.

Authorized Canadian edition. Stevenson's new romance, The Wrecker, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson's thrilling romance of the South Seas has been universally pronounced the most absorbing piece of fiction of the year, while appearing in *Scribner's Magazine.* The National Publishing Company.

A Rare Combination.

Clerk—This will go very nicely with blue.

Mrs. Witherby—All right. I'll take it. My husband will be blue when he knows that I've bought it.

A View of the World's Fair Buildings,

in the form of a large sized lithograph, in eight colors, with your name, can be had by sending your address with twenty cents in postage stamps, to Geo. H. Heafford, G. P. A., Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry., Chicago, Ill. As the supply is limited, applications must be made early. Should the supply become exhausted the postage stamps will be returned to applicant.

Truly Orthodox.

Penelope—Jack stole a kiss from me last night. It made me awfully angry.

Her Uncle—I should think it would. The courts have decided that such a thing is equivalent to a blow.

Penelope—I know it—so I turned the other cheek.

Magnificent New Vestibule Pullman Sleepers, Toronto to New York.

The Erie Railway have had the Pullman Palace Car Company build two of the finest Pullman sleepers that ever run between Toronto and New York. Every person who ever traveled in a Pullman sleeper will agree with us their equal cannot be found for convenience and comfort. The interior of these cars are handsomely decorated and lighted with all the latest improvements, such as pintsch gas and finished in gold plush, drawing-room with annex, ladies' toilet-room with double wash-room, with porcelain, hot and cold water, and a well stocked buffa in every sleeper. The scenery along this picturesque route cannot be equalled in the Eastern States. By traveling via this great route you avoid being smothered in soft coal cinders and dust along the road, as they burn nothing but hard coal. Every foot of the road is stone ballast. You must also remember this is also a double track road. The above sleepers leave Toronto at 4.55 p.m., daily, except Sundays.

An Ungrateful Youngster.

"The most remarkable adventure I know of was that of a ten-year-old boy in Colorado," said Rienzi Beauchamp. "A party of us had gone from Pueblo for a week's hunting and fishing along the Arkansas river. We carried tents and camping outfit.

"A man named Britton had his young son with him, a manly little fellow, who could land a trout and bring down an antelope with the best of us. One day he got separated from the party, lost his way, and spent the night in the mountains. He had with him a short 38 calibre sporting rifle, a good weapon for small game, but in the section where we were camped mountain lions were plentiful. His father was well-nigh distracted, and we searched all night long for the adventurous youngster without avail. Just at sun-up we started to return to camp. As we descended a ravine we discovered the object of our search sound asleep, with his head pillowed on an enormous mountain lion, which was curled up as though enjoying a nap. Three of us approached cautiously to within fifty yards, drew a bead on the animal, and at a given signal fired.

"The brute never stirred. The boy, whom we supposed dead, half rose, rubbed his eyes, and enquired peevishly: 'What in h—l are you fellers tryin' t' do? I killed this yere lion four hours ago.'"

Horsford's Acid Phosphate,
FOR INDIGESTION,
Dyspepsia and diseases incident thereto.

A Poser.

"Mamma, if a child should be born on the ocean, to what nation would it belong?"

"Why, to the nation to which his father and mother belonged, of course."

"Well, I know. But suppose his father and mother were not with him. Supposing he was traveling with his aunt?"

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CHOLERA

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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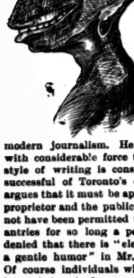
A Newspaper Freak.



We present to our readers this week a contribution from a gentleman named Black. It is not at all in accordance with the rules which SATURDAY NIGHT has insisted upon applying to editors and contributors alike, but is given as a sample of what Mr. Black urges as the method Carlyle would have adopted had he been in modern journalism. He calls our attention, with considerable force to the fact that this style of writing is conspicuous in the most successful of Toronto's evening papers and argues that it must be appreciated both by the proprietor and the public or the writer would not have been permitted to continue his pleasantries for so long a period. It cannot be denied that there is "elegance of diction and a gentle humor" in Mr. Black's paragraphs. Of course individuals who have no desire to have their misadventures paraded and their misfortunes pointed out may frown for a moment as they see their names mis-spelled and their conduct misconstrued, yet what matters a trifle of this sort when thousands are to be instructed and amused? With these brief remarks permit us to introduce to you "Mr. Jack Black," as he signs himself, feeling quite certain that his happy knack and pretty pleasantries cannot fail to entertain you, with their resemblance to a well known column in a local contemporary.

JACK BLACK.

UP SANDPAPER DOWNS.

Joss Robber-Tsen has the name of a Chinese god, and the Lord only knows he has the face of one.

R. J. Phlegm-ing is not, as his name suggests, something to be coughed up and spat out, but he is a friend of the writer of these few lines and in consequence ought to be swallowed.

John Pshaw's whiskers are not as much red as they used to be; he is growing old. The same is not true of these jokes; venerable as they are, they are more read every day.

Sworn affidavits and circulation of the *Evening Telegram* lie in the neighborhood of 23,000 a day. Punctuate this to please yourselves.

The *Evening Snooze* has waked up. It's Darby must have found a new Joan.

Billy Maclean, the Ely Statesman, is understood to have remarked that the gleanings are poor down in Ottawa, and that a modern political Ruth would not get anything but a stone bruise following after a Boaz like old man Abbott, who is too weak-minded to leave anything for his followers to feed upon.

So Farrer has left the *Globe*. Taking care of a horse of another color will be an easy trick for Edward. He has been farrier in the stable of every political party on earth. This pun is a little off, but as it will probably hurt someone's feelings it will have to go.

Herk Ribbs is still alive, though he has ceased to draw his sustenance from the *Vampire*. Mr. Ribbs says he is more interested in prohibition just now than he ever was before. His interest is said to be in the neighborhood of twenty dollars a day.

It is said the Government tried to tear itself loose from the *Vampire*, but it was found as hard to wean as a sick baby, even though the *Mail* was willing to adopt it and let Mamma Creighton go back to Owen Sound.

Cousin John Armstrong is spoken of for mayor. If the length of his ears truly indicated the size of his brain he would probably be hauling a milk wagon. (If John should die his obsequies would be the burial of one of our best jokes).

Senator F. Rank Summers has begun to comb his name in the middle. Up in the ward they are beginning to spell his name Dinnis, and nowadays at a political gathering he can hardly find himself, where once amidst a blaze of glory he ruled as king.

Farmer G. B. Smith intends to give his constituents a taffy pull. The date has not yet been fixed, but it will occur just before the local elections. Farmer Smith will give the bystanders the taffy and he will take the pull.

It is said that everything is not lovely beneath the shadow of the Pulp Tower. They do say that search is being made inside and outside the *Mail* building for a rabbit's skin to wrap Baby Bunting in, that he may be laid away.

Don of SATURDAY NIGHT would like us to believe that he is named after a Castilian *grandee*. As a matter of fact, his origin, like that of his muddy namesake, was in the back townships. If as much money had been spent in straightening him as has been expended on the other Don, it would have been as badly wasted, for his mouth, like that of the other Don, is bigger than his head.

It is not true that Colonel Gee Tee O'Denison became alienated from the cause of Home Rule in order to obtain a salary. It is a slander on a good and great man. The only trouble with him is that his ideas are as highly colored as his mustache.

The writer of these few lines desires to disclaim relationship with Black Jack, an esteemed local contemporary, who is said to have been discovered by Stanley on the banks of the Congo. I think there can only be one opinion of a man who has had himself whitewashed and tries to play himself off as a Presbyterian.

Uncle Dick Tooley has promised to donate a barrel of hard cider to endow a cot in the hospital for sick politicians. The festivities will be conducted by Past Grand Master Jonkertoon, and a full and authentic report of his address written by himself will appear in the columns of his newspaper.

The poet-laureate Kimmins is now giving private recitals of a few lines he has written on the death of Tennyson:

Tennyson, one of us, has gone—poor fellow;
The anguish of the thought almost makes me bellow.
Me and O. W. Holmes alone remains;
It beats all how the world is losing its brains.
Alas, who for me will write immortalism?
When I am gone and in glorium?
I suppose it will be me for Holmes or Holmes for me
It don't matter a great deal which it be.

JACK BLACK.

The Drama.

THIS has been a pretty good theater week. At the Grand it was more the people than the play that aroused interest at first and made good houses certain, but the play, as it was played, worked out its own salvation when the opportunity came. The romantic love chapter, written in the papers a year ago about Jack Mason and Marion Manola, had a special interest for Torontonians because the former husband of the actress resided here at the time of the divorce proceedings. This local acquaintance with a prominent figure in the sensational case gives the Manola-Mason company an abiding hold upon the public here. Attracted by curiosity the audience remained to admire the talent of the handsome couple. All the world loves a lover, and to show that this is true and that some such feeling was abroad here, I may say that I heard many remark in tones of relief that Manola had done well and secured a real nice man, and they were glad of it. Manola was here last year, but Mason made his first appearance on Monday night, and it was an auspicious one. He has a cultivated voice—I mean by that just what I say, and do not necessarily refer to his singing. He has a fine appearance, and whether it is art or nature, he manages to convey a suggestion of affection and esteem for the lady who is his wife. There is no suspicion of anything forced about it. Perhaps I misled myself; perhaps I did not by penetration see this, but only gathered it because Mason looks like a man of solid parts and character, a man whom it would be no risk to depend upon.

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If I Were You is a pleasing creation, with no attempt at a complicated plot, with no villain, with no heroic triumph in the last act. It was written specially to afford scope for the talents of the two stars, and as such is a success. It deals with a lovers' difference and final reconciliation, not a tragic, but a very everyday difference, such as hundreds in the audience had more or less experience of. A clever actor or a clever writer can make a hit by treating the commonest incident of life; it is only the clumsy mind that is forced to employ extravagant and impossible themes. I have seen no finer bit of acting than the encounter of the estranged lovers at dusk on the bench beneath the old tree, where once at the same evening hour they confessed mutual love, while the setting sun tinted the west and the chimes played their old tunes reminiscently. Nothing was overdone or underdone. The small sarcasms of their controversy, the thrust and the parry, the self-pity felt by each at his or her ill-usage, the fear of going too far and being humiliated, which disturbed him; the fear she felt of betraying even to herself, much less to him, that she still regarded him with favor—it was all supremely subtle and true. The one spot, more brilliant but less appealing, was the reunion, where love carried pride by storm, and each regarded the other as perfection and self utterly unworthy. True nature. Robert McWade as Major Fyvie was capital, and James B. Booth thoroughly maintained a conception of Lieut. Beauchamp which would have seemed extravagant if he had let go for an instant. The others in the cast carried themselves off pretty well, considering their opportunities. Some of the daily papers scored Diana, the after piece. In my opinion it might have been better if the audience had gone away enjoying the taste of the comedy, unmixed with the inferior flavor of the farce, but the latter was enjoyable too. It is not of the standard quality of a curtain-raiser, yet it would be too bad if such a production could not be put on somewhere either before or after an under-sized comedy. To the delicate sense of some it may seem offensive, this burlesquing of the Olympian gods, but to the less sensitive, Diana was extremely funny. However, it occurred to me that Marion Manola has sufficient attractiveness in her pretty face and sufficient talent in her shapely head without calling her knees into requisition. It was a gratuitous concession to an already delighted audience when she came out in the short skirts of Diana. My views are not prudish, but thoroughly utilitarian on this point. When an actress, her success assured, can, without danger to her popularity, resume the maiden modesty which necessity forced her one day to subdue, she should appreciate her power and use it. Ample skirts, jealously secreting her dainty feet, will win her more steadfast friends than her exposed ankles will, however shapely they may be.

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The Players at the Academy this week have proved to constitute a sound and creditable attraction. It is pleasant to occasionally escape the leering variety shows and the terrific melodramas so continually brought here, and spend a night witnessing The Taming of a Shrew—a most delightful proceeding upon the stage, but off the stage, well! Don Cæsar de Bazan is the best acted piece in the repertoire of The Players, and in selecting the company this was probably the play chiefly in view. Edward Vroom makes a capital Don Cæsar, a faultless Do Brass in the curtain-raiser, but his looks play traitor to his assumed violence of mood as Petruchio. Had Katharine possessed ordinary feminine intuition she might have perceived that he was a good fellow. Nature is responsible for the cast of his face and I charge no fault in his talent on this account. It is a mistake to bring Miss Coggswell on the stage in A Regular Fix, where she has so insignificant a part, and then afterwards give her the *role* of The Shrew. It disillusionizes the audience and places the lady at a disadvantage in her heavy part—it is like passing around for general inspection the sheets of tin whereby stage thunder is produced, and then expecting the audience to believe the thunder real when the tin gets to work a minute later. Miss Coggswell's art is good in the third act, at least. Maclyn Arbuckle in his various parts is perfect, or nearly so. He was here last year with McLean and Prescott, and made a hit then which he repeats now. As Lawyer Surplus he is great, and as the blubber-faced Grumio he is irresistible. These three make the company a good one, with little aid from the balance of the cast.

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Chas. T. Ellis is not strong enough to carry a dozen inexcusably heavy people on his back. He and Miss Ballou could shift for themselves well enough, but when the balance of the company depends upon them it proves too much. Count Casper is a good enough piece, Ellis reminds one of Dan McCarthy, his songs are catchy, and the scenes between him and the two children are good, but the villain is so frozen in his attitudes of villainy, so determined to look like a villain, and the others are so commonplace that Ellis is at a disadvantage. From the accounts received I expected this to be one of the best attractions at Jacobs & Sparrow's, but that house has been putting on better plays this season than it ever did, which makes the faults of the Count Casper company more conspicuous. It is strange that none of the real good comic Irishmen have been here yet this year. The part of Terry McFadden would have been funny in better hands, and sometimes it got funny in spite of Edwards, who threw his whole weight upon the part in trying to hold it down.

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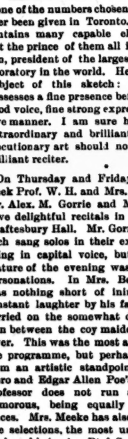
The accompanying portrait cannot do justice to the charming presence of Miss Jessica Terwilliger, one of the most popular elocutionists of Boston. This cultured lady has been appointed specialist in gesture, physical culture and pantomime in Toronto College of Expression, and in company with Mr. A. C. Mounteer, principal of that institution, will give a recital in Association Hall on Tuesday evening next, October 18 These artists will be assisted by Mr. Fred. Warrington and several others. Her repertoire is extensive and contains many new selections.



None of the numbers chosen for the recital have ever been given in Toronto. Cultured Boston contains many capable elocutionary critics, but the prince of them all is Dr. C. W. Emerson, president of the largest and best college of oratory in the world. He speaks thus of the subject of this sketch: "Miss Terwilliger possesses a fine presence before an audience, a good voice, fine strong expression and an effective manner. I am sure her success will be extraordinary and brilliant." Lovers of the elocutionary art should not fail to hear this brilliant reciter.

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On Thursday and Friday evenings of last week Prof. W. H. and Mrs. Meeke, assisted by Mr. Alex. M. Gorrie and Miss Agnes Forbes, gave delightful recitals in the Auditorium of Shaftesbury Hall. Mr. Gorrie and Miss Forbes each sang solos in their excellent style, both being in capital voice, but undoubtedly the feature of the evening was Prof. Meeke's impersonations. In Mrs. Bean's Courtship he was nothing short of inimitable, provoking constant laughter by his facial changes as he carried on the somewhat desultory conversation between the coy maiden and her bashful lover. This was the most amusing number on the programme, but perhaps the best pieces from an artistic standpoint were The Little Hero and Edgar Allen Poe's The Raven. The professor does not run altogether to the humorous, being equally strong in tragic pieces. Mrs. Meeke has also some exceedingly fine selections, the most unique thing I have yet heard being her Bird Song, which she gave by request on Friday evening. In reciting The Raven the professor takes the view that the poem is symbolical of a wasted life, and as such he treats it. That treatment is thoughtful and careful and brings out the sombre regrets of a man who has mis-spent his days.

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Robert Downing will soon appear at the Academy in a repertoire of high-class plays, consisting of Virginius, The Gladiator, Julius Cæsar, Othello, and Ingomar. Downing is spoken well of, and with such a programme he should be able to draw houses if he remained with us a month.

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Miss Marguerite Dunn, one of Toronto's rising elocutionists, has returned from her studies in New York and has resumed her teaching practice.

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The Cruikseen Lawn will be at Jacobs & Sparrow's next week, the Coghlan company in Sardou's great play, Diplomacy, will be at the Grand, and Joshua Simpkins at the Academy.

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By Wits Outwitted filled in the last half of the week at the Grand, but I shall speak of it in next issue. By the way, all space will permit me to say about Lewis Morrison's Richelieu is that it was a great success, and he can now ring a change on his Mephisto wherever he goes.

MACK.

An Accommodating Girl.

The Old Friend—I hear you are engaged, Fanny. Can it be possible you are going to marry that young Fiddleback?

The Heiress—Oh, no. He asked me as a favor to become engaged to him for a few weeks, to help out his credit.

Art and Artists.

THE LATE PAUL PEEL.

On Tuesday the startling news was cabled from Paris that Paul Peel, the gifted Canadian artist, resident there, had died suddenly. It was a great shock to those who knew him either personally or by reputation He was the most brilliant artist Canada has produced, and in Paris, where the painters of all countries gather to compete and compare, he had won trophies and given promise of one day placing his name high up among the wonderful few. His best works are in Canada, for he brought them here and at a great sacrifice sold them at unreserved auction. His death will start those paintings towards the high level of their real value, but before they reach it they will probably pass by easy stages out of the country that gave birth to the artist. This is unfortunate, but may almost be pronounced inevitable at the present stage of native art. People all over the Dominion who attended the Industrial Exhibition last year, will recall the painting of a nude figure of a boy standing before a mirror, which was the most conspicuous exhibit in the art gallery. That made the name of Paul Peel known to his countrymen. Other pieces of his work have been vastly admired by smaller but more critical audiences in Toronto, London, Ottawa and Montreal. He was the first artist, either Canadian or American, to win the gold medal for excellence at the Paris *salon*, which honor he achieved in June, 1890. Paul Peel was a son of J. R. Peel, marble dealer, of London, Ont., a brother to Miss Peel, the sculptor, and at his death was thirty-two years of age. While in his teens he went to Philadelphia, where he studied in the Academy of Fine Arts for three years, afterwards going to England and later from there to Paris, where he has resided for nearly ten years.

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O. R. Jacobi has removed his studio to the Grand Opera House block on Adelaide street, where he has re-engaged the rooms formerly occupied by him.

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The Review of Reviews for October makes a condensation of W. A. Sherwood's article on Hindrances to Art in America, which appeared in a recent number of the *Lake Magazine*.

VAN.

An Exploded Theory.

From the German.

The masculine opponents of Women's Rights often make the objection that women have not the high mental development of men.

The late Prof. Bischof of St. Petersburg was one of the most zealous combatants against the emancipation of females, from the domination of man, and at the same time one of the most zealous defenders of the lesser brain-power theory.

His favorite statement was that while the average weight of a man's brain is 1350 drahms, that of a woman is but 1250 drahms.

This statement, however, is incorrect, for (so says the St. Petersburg Wratsch) after the professor's death his brain weighed only 1245 drahms, five drahms below that of the average woman.

JOHANNA M. FORSTER.

It's Late But It Goes.

Thyckke—Why do they call this ministerial affair a Pan-Presbyterian Council?

Thynne—Because it holds its meetings in Cooke's church, I suppose.

PEACEFUL JONES.

Truth Unvarnished.

I once knew a man who was an atheist until a well caved in on him. The neighbors dug a Christian out of there.

Some people make a big virtue of praying for their enemies, but often it looks to me as if they were tale-bearing to the Almighty—pointing out the whereabouts of some hidden sinners who deserve prompt destruction.

Stinginess has made more teetotalers than all the temperance lecturers ever did.

A humane man is one who gets a good seat on a street car as soon as it leaves the stables and then rides to High Park commiserating with the horses all the way and urging people to keep off the car and give the poor beasts a chance.

Lots of aeronauts never pray until after the balloon bursts.

It is easy enough to preach but the difficult thing is to sit in the front pew without feeling that the preacher is using you for an object lesson.

It is a question whether there are more crooked men in straight callings or straight men in crooked ones.

ZEKE.

Contrast.

For Saturday Night.

I stood upon the threshold of a day;
I saw the morn her burning arrows cast
Into the misty gold that drenched the air;
The young leaves danced amid the morning breeze,
The songsters madly carolled, wild with joy,
The world, dawn-kissed, was thrilling with new life.
"O earth," I whispered, "surely this is fair,
The loveliest sight that ever eye beheld,
Nor moon nor sunset can with this compare!"

The day grew on, and now the sun had gained
The zenith, and I gazed upon the world;
The breeze had died, the wood was strangely still;
The bird-songs hush'd, the steady sunlight fell
In dreamy glory on the open fields,
And ever in the shadow of the pines
A few stray sunbeams flitted o'er the grass
Like sunlit snowflakes o'er a silent sea.
In awe I faltered, "Morn was not so fair
As is the voiceless splendor of the noon."

Fleet flew the hours, and sunset came apace,
A rosy cod with wings of glorious sheen,
And as he earthward stooped, oh wondrous change!
The purple vapors that o'erhung the night
In crimson-flaming raiment decked themselves
To honor him. A spell was o'er the land;
No song-bird broke the stillness of the eve,
The poppy nodded in the golden haze,
And folded up her petals; while the dew
Fell softly and the glory died away
From field and tree-top, cloud and open sky;
And earth sank wrapt in slumber; and I said—
"Now have I seen the fairest sight of all,
The flush of sunrise, and the silent spell
Of noonday blended in one perfect hour;
And yet upon the morrow will the dawn
Estheral my spirit with its old delights,
Noontide will ever hold new charms for me,
And sunset with a sweet deception blind
Mine eyes to former beauties, yet I know
Sunshine or storm, sunrise or noon, or eve,
Each is the fairest in its own sweet time."

E. J. M.

In Pity Hidden.

For Saturday Night.

'Tis well that, in our dark and troubled hours,
We cannot look into the future years.
'Tis well that still we hope and still look forward,
Lock forward still, and see not through our tears.

Better for us that all is hidden from us,
That we should look when skies are overcast
For something ever coming, something brighter,
We know not what, but—it will come at last.

Even when joys are thickly strewn about us,
We stoop to pather, looking not ahead;
We do not see the blighting of the fruit fields,
We do not see the flowers lying dead.

'Tis soon enough to find, when we have tasted
The golden fruit we coveted so much,
That what has looked to us so sweet and wholesome,
Is turned to dust and ashes at our touch.

Our brightest joys would withering fall before us
If we could see o'en distant pleasures slain,
And if we looked beyond where sorrow pierced us,
We surely could not bear the double pain.

And it is well that all is dim and misty.
Enough for us, past memories can assail;
But o'er the realms of the shadowy future
A God of love and mercy draws the veil.

LAURIEN DARE.

Herself.

For Saturday Night.

Do you know the little woman, with the gentle, low-toned voice,
And the bright, brown eyes, and lips that pout and smile,
Who can conquer all creation without panoply or noise,
And go meekly hushed and humble all the while?
Do you know her little coaxings and her pretty, winsome ways,
When she ropes some big six-footer into heel?
E'en when he is cross and surly, no petish word she says,
For she knows her silence most can make him feel.
O, the precious little woman, with her tiny, busy hands,
And her darling little feet so light and trim,
When she coils her golden tresses in quiet webby bands
She can make an everlasting slave of him!
Do you know the little woman, when her face is grave and white,
As she stands between the living and the dead?
Never tired and never hopeless, looking bravely to the night;
Watching wanly for the morning sunshine spread.
Do you bless the little woman, as she sits among her own,
Husband, boys and girls are loving her so dear?
Don't she distance Queen Victoria all on her golden throne?
Ain't she just the greatest blessing of the year?

LANCELOT.

Hazel Eyes.

For Saturday Night.

Though meetings are so maddening sweet,
Yet parting is so burning sore,
I long there only once to meet,
And then, O love, forevermore!

Within thine inmost heart to dwell;
The music of thy soul devour,
And drink from out thine eyes' deep well
The amber light forevermore.

Rude death may tear our hearts in two,
And one of us shall go before;
Yet death himself amends must do,
And we shall meet forevermore.

While dust with dust will mingled be,
My mingled soul shall thine adore
In one eternal ecstasy,
And we shall love forevermore.

CAPTAIN CONSIDAR.

Some Day.

For Saturday Night.

Some day it will all be gone—
The vigor of youthful years,
And the smiles that lighten the dusky life
Will force their way thro' its tears.

Some day will the heart beat slow
To gleams from a love-lit eye;
And a warm, soft hand, with a throbbing pulse,
Unpress'd in the palm will lie.

Some day will the music jar,
The children in discord sing;
And the strains that now wake a keen response
Will sorrowful memories bring.

Some day will we turn not back
To one in the passing crowd,
But will quietly steal to lesser paths,
Where voices are not so loud.

Some day will the mind refuse
The things that make life so dear;
And the golden hours of exhausting thought
Will have no place in the year.

Some day will ambition die,
The spirit fail in the strife,
And the wild, glad thoughts of all wonderful things
Belong to the past of life.

Some day will the soul grow sick,
Because of a hope deferred,
And the patient heart in solitude break
For want of a loving word.

EVA ROSS YOUNG.

Between You and Me.

Perhaps the most absurd (and yet after all, are they superfluous?) rules for correct deportment I ever came across are called "rules for behavior in church." Listen, you Toronto and other girls, while I unfold to you their mysteries! In the first place, you must dress quietly; dove-gray, white and mauve are *de rigeur* for hot weather, black and dull dark shades are for the cooler seasons, no jewelry should be worn, a watch is an abomination of ill-breeding, as it is very *bourgeoise* to look at the time when the parson begins to preach. After dress comes expression; the eyes should be downcast, or, if raised, turned neither to the right nor the left, but looking steadfastly forward. All the movements should be slow, gentle and serious, the arrangement of the hair neat and unobtrusive, with a distinctly Sabbath decorum about it. Veils are permissible and sometimes advisable. All floating ribbons, laces and trimmings are *taboo*. When the sweet saint has reached her place in the sanctuary she must sink slowly into her seat, then to her knees, and with bent head and closed eyes must *count thirty!* That was where the laugh came in. I was reading with great edification these rules for church deportment when I came to the half minute clause, and I stopped amazed. All these preparations, only to count thirty, did it not sound absurd!

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Of course the writer did not mean that counting thirty was the proper thing to do, but he or she said, "Remain with bent head and closed eyes while she could count thirty." Of course to be sure of remaining the exact time it would be necessary to count the thirty, and I am sure that the most ejaculatory prayer on record would suffer if interspersed with Roman numerals. But the paltry anti-climax to the rules does not condemn the rules themselves, and that they are sometimes worthy of study will not be questioned by anyone who has studied the ways and the appearance of the ordinary church-going girl of to-day. Irreverence lurks in every twitch of her gown and glance of her eye, and she misses the good that should be hers from a want of proper understanding of the "rules for church deportment." I fancy I hear her say, with that impatient flounce and fling which is the betrayal of her lack of training: "Oh, I don't want to be a hypocrite or a ritualist." Well, if there is a more unpardonable hypocrite than the girl who goes through the form of church-going while her heart is full of the world, the flesh and the devil, I cannot locate her, but even she is not quite so harmful or objectionable if she regards the feelings of her neighbors enough to conduct herself somewhat after the regulations of the above quoted rules for church-going, and in many cases the outward semblance will beget the inward reality, after a while.

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I came across a wonderful account of the possibilities of mental telegraphy the other day, which made me rather gasp and which may or may not be true. It seems that when so many instances of involuntary influence are known and experienced, that the results to be obtained by a deliberate and systematic experiment should be correspondingly startling. The gentleman who tells the story is a commercial man and a sensible person who only speaks from actual experience. "Correspondence by post is too slow," says he, "and telegraphing costs too much money. We have hit upon a plan that saves stamps and telegraph payments and is much more satisfactory. No matter what part of the world I am in, I go home at ten o'clock every night, and remain half an hour, sometimes longer. How do I manage it? Easy enough. At that hour my wife goes into the sitting-room, closes the door, places two easy chairs *vis-a-vis*, sits down in one, closes her eyes, and concentrates her thoughts upon me. I go to my room at the Commercial Hotel, turn out the light, close my eyes, concentrate my thoughts upon my home, and especially upon my wife, and presto! I occupy my easy chair in our little sitting-room directly in front of her. A perfectly intelligible conversation ensues between us, although not a word is spoken. She tells me how things are going on at home, whether the children are well, about her own health, which has been delicate for years, her trials, hopes and fears. We have had this mental telegraph in successful operation for two years past, and the service is constantly growing better and more satisfactory. We have verified its accuracy a thousand times, and rely upon it as implicitly as others do on the written page. Neither of us is a spiritualist, and we discovered our ability to communicate in this manner purely by accident."

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I wish girls who are disposed to be critical and severe in their strictures on their fellows could know how very unattractive they thereby make themselves. A smart girl sometimes says very unkind and untrue things about her comrades, and thinks it is all right when the man or woman she says them to laughs at them. Don't be deceived, dear girls. Two or three sharp and uncharitable speeches may warn your best conquests off the premises of your heart, though that heart may be kind and true and loyal, and, put upon its mettle, would disown the acid utterances of that thoughtless little tongue of yours. Two girls were discussing a pretty bride in my hearing just now. "I was told her nose was so red at the wedding," said one. "Yes, and the papers said she looked charming," said the other, and the two laughed mischievously. I turned upon them and in solemn tones remarked: "Her nose was not in the least red and she looked very charming." And I dare say they thought me an interfering body to spoil their laugh. Girls, don't be funny at the expense of truth, of charity, of good breeding. Men and women may laugh at your wit and you may enjoy it yourselves, but take my word for it, it is the poorest investment out. It emphatically does not pay!

LADY GAY.

Individualities.

The first five years' work of Guy de Maupassant went into the waste basket.

Lady Somers has established a paper in England called the *White Ribbon*, devoted to temperance, labor questions and the advancement of women.

Rudyard Kipling's Ballads have had a tremendous sale in India, South Africa and Australia. It is said that a fourth edition will soon be necessary in England.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton has collected seven tales in a volume which will be published under the title of The Clocks of Rondaine and Other Stories. It is a book for young people.

The Humane Society of Boston has an ambulance for disabled horses. The West End Railroad Company own one also. Over six hundred policemen of the city are members of the Humane Society.

The Empress of China takes three thousand dresses wherever she goes. The American should, after this announcement, cease grumbling at his wife's enormous Saratogas and the number of her toilettes, and be only too thankful she is not like the imperial lady.

President Carnot, on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the French republic, did a very graceful thing in releasing from prison Mr. Edward Deacon, the American gentleman who killed the French blackguard, M. Abeille, for a cause that is recognized the world over as justifying the deed.

Edwin Ellis, an energetic business man and philanthropist of England, has built a row of neat cottages, an ideal schoolhouse and a club house for his tenants, near his home in Surrey. A library of eight hundred volumes with numerous periodicals is also furnished. His daughter has a wood-carving class for the tenants.

Mr. Joseph Randall Tussaud, who was for more than thirty years the only modeler at Mdme. Tussaud's Exhibition, died at Hampstead last week. The deceased sculptor was a man of remarkable powers, inherited from his famous grandmother, Mdme. Tussaud, whose pupil he was, and some of the finest likenesses in the present exhibition were his work.

Prince Ernest of Saxe-Meiningen has married Marie, the daughter of the German poet, William Jensen. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the father of the bride, and F. Heim, president of the ministry of state of Saxe-Meiningen and chief of department of affairs of the ducal house, officiated. Miss Jensen is beautiful, and the prince has long been devoted to her.

Liliuokalani, Queen of the Sandwich Islands, is a devoted temperance reformer. Her predecessor, on the contrary, was a habitual drunkard, and did not object to his guests getting intoxicated. The queen allows no intoxicating drinks at her table or receptions. She pays out of her private purse the license fee for a house which has been opened in Honolulu by a temperance union.

Miss Ume Suuda, a young Japanese girl, wh graduated from Bryn Mawr College last June is endeavoring to secure funds for the establishment of a scholarship for Japanese girls at some college in America. Her brother has been educated as a civil engineer in this country, and returns to his own country to practice his own profession. The brother and sister are now making a visit in Indianapolis.

King George of Greece is said to be tired of his position as sovereign of the Athenians; and little wonder, when one considers the scant courtesy with which he is treated by his subjects. Only a few days ago the cabinet council, in deference to the popular uneasiness caused by the cholera, decided that the king, who is expected to arrive from France shortly, should be requested to submit to a quarantine.

As long ago as 1778 a certificate was granted by President Ezra Stiles of Yale College to a young woman who had passed the examinations necessary to enter the college, but was debarred on account of her sex. "Now, after a hundred and fourteen years," says the *Woman's Journal*, "Yale is ready to offer post-graduate study to women. It is not, however, ready for co-education. It is as far from it as eleven o'clock is from twelve o'clock."

The oldest active actress has passed away in the person of Louise Schmidt, a lady who was for nearly eighty-eight years on the stage. She entered upon her long career, at the Wurtemburg Court Theater, by playing children's *roles*, and became afterward one of the most celebrated members of German dramatic art. Her personifications of Goethe's Gretchen and her Barbel in Village and Town were, for instance, never surpassed. She celebrated successively her fiftieth, sixtieth, seventieth and seventy-fifth theatrical anniversaries.

The last British Ministry was remarkable for the number of brilliant women surrounding it. There were Lady Salisbury, Lady Cadogan, Lady Londonderry and Lady Zetland among others. With the new ministry it is quite different. The great age of Mrs. Gladstone exempts her from many social duties. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, Minister of Home Affairs and the Lord Secretary for Ireland are widowers. This makes it certain that the burden of social life, which is heavy and exacting, will fall almost wholly upon Lady Spencer and Lady Ripon.

M. Leon Say, the eminent French political economist, is chairman of the Sunday Rest League, in Paris. He has addressed a petition to the presidents of the Conseils General throughout the country, asking them to try and induce their constituents to prevent the holding of fairs and markets on Sunday. He points out that by persisting in the system of holding Sunday fairs, farm laborers are often deprived of their Sunday rest, seeing that they are obliged to attend fairs and markets with their masters' cattle and sheep. Nor is this all; since in order to meet the requirements of those who attend fairs, either for business or for pleasure, a large number of shops of various descriptions have to be kept open.

Sad Enough.

Harry—It is sad to be cut off in one's prime, isn't it?

Jimmy—It is, indeed; but what particular case do you allude to?

Harry—My own. The old gent has made a new will, and I'm not in it.

Dominion Day at Elmroot---II.

After an Eventful Forenoon the Wily Tramps Contrive to get outside of a good Dinner.

BY MACK.

Illustrated by Carl Ahrens.

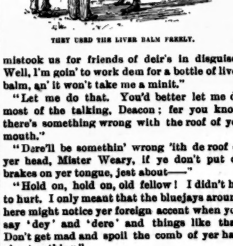
OISTEROUSLY through the gate marched the clowns, the mule wearing the plug hat and drawing its wagon load of human rarities, the women and the rag babies, the two tramps, the leaders of the bear, and the bear itself, and the whole calithumpian procession. The clowns were romping and bringing down their split sticks upon the skulls of muscular bystanders, who ordinarily would have fought with old Nick for less provocation, but who now only laughed and guyed each other, and said: "Well, them clowns beat everything." In through another gate poured the public pell-mell, each person paying twenty-five cents admission. About two thousand people entered the fair grounds during the day, and about half of them entered with the calithumpians. The Elmroot Brass Band—both the leader and the big drum artist wore regular band suits—stood in the center of the ring playing The Maple Leaf Forever. Above the exhibition hall floated the Old Flag, while at different points around the quarter-mile track stood three evergreen arches bearing the mottoes, Welcome, God Save the Queen, and God Bless Canada. For, be it known that Elmroot was one of those fine, old-fashioned towns in one of those fine, old-fashioned counties in Ontario which continues to be patriotic and is not ashamed to show it.

Members of the managing committee wearing badges were rushing in all directions and being called after and chased by everybody. If one of them started for the gate he was promptly called back to the grand stand, but before he could reach there he would be summoned to return to the gate. One or two of the less patient ones just stood middleway and swore disgracefully. A member of the committee would start off on a run to see about something, when he would be stopped in the crowd by somebody who had a few suggestions to offer. The excited official would smooth his badge down and impatiently exclaim, "Yes—yes, that's all right now—that's all right now. Don't you fret." Then he would pierce the man with a glance which said, "So you think you can give pointers to the man who organized this here Pan-American blow-out. What next!" He wouldn't proceed two yards further before somebody else would seize him to enquire at what time the fat man's race or the lacrosse match or the balloon ascension would occur. Then he would yank out a printed programme and hand it over, remarking that money spent in advertising was wasted, for nobody could remember anything about the events until they had got it straight from a member of the committee. Fussing, bustling, imparting crabbed information, shouldering his way through crowds of fellows who did not seem to see his badge of office or had the incredible impudence to deny it the least respect, the committeeman was everywhere.

The procession paraded twice around the ring, some of the calithumpians dropping out here and there as they proceeded.

"Say, Deacon, if this is a long distance walking match we should be able to win first and second."

"Hands down. But I'll tell yer what I'm figgerin' on. Yer noticed dem two ducks wot



THEY USED THE LIVER BALM FREELY.

mistook us for friends of deir's in disguise? Well, I'm goin' to work dem for a bottle of liver balm, an' it won't take me a minit."

"Let me do that. You'd better let me do most of the talking, Deacon; fer you know there's something wrong with the roof of yer mouth."

"Dere'll be somethin' wrong 'ith de roof of yer head, Mister Weary, if ye don't put de brakes on yer tongue, jest about——"

"Hold on, hold on, old fellow! I didn't hit to hurt. I only meant that the bluejays around here might notice yer foreign accent when you say 'dey' and 'dere' and things like that. Don't get mad and spoil the comb of yer hair about nothing."

"Well, let it go at dat. I know wot's wot between gentlemen, I do. You git hold of dat liver balm putty quick or I'll try a go at dem 'ith my furrin' accent, jist de same." And the indignant Deacon withdrew to his own side of the track and said no more until the procession disbanded at the exhibition hall where the clothing of most of the paraders had been brought.

The bartender was there, and at once edged up to the wayfarers. The barber was too adroit to risk his reputation, so he stood back a little with a portentous secret hidden in his face.

"You haven't a flask with you?" whispered Weary to the mixer of drinks, with a knowing look.

For answer that worthy led the two tramps around the corner of the building, away from the crowd, and produced the "liver balm," which Weary and the Deacon promptly administered to themselves. The bartender then suggested that they take him into their confidence by telling him who they were, for although he recognized their voices, still he couldn't place them for sure. Weary edged away from him and said he thought they were recognized by him or they wouldn't have ventured near, and then the knowing chap suddenly tumbled to them, winked, slapped the Deacon on the back and promised not to say a word. They begged him not to, and asked as a special favor that he would keep away from them, as it would not do for the crowd to see them together. It would put everyone on the right track.

The lacrosse match occurred in the forenoon, and any amount of other things. While watching the game Weary missed the Deacon, and was fretting lest his wayward pardner should steal something and get caught at it, but just as Elmroot scored another goal the wanderer returned.

"Where wuz I? See," and he pulled a dollar bill from somewhere inside his ragged breeches. "I borryed dat from de barber. Wot's de matter 'ith de roof of my mouth, now, eh? I'd ask yer to come on over an' feed, only yer mightn't understand my furrin' accent. But I guess yer knows what dinner means in any langwidge. Come on."

While they were feeding, ordering things at the restaurant in a high and mighty way, Prof. Konross, who had a private tent on the grounds, came outside and pinned a notice on the side of it. The notice read:

> NOTICE.
>
> Prof. Magnifique of New York, who was to make the balloon ascension and parachute drop to day, was killed yesterday at Detroit. I have just received a telegram. The particulars of his death will no doubt be in to morrow's paper. As everything is ready, it will be unfortunate should the crowd be deprived of seeing this magnificent attraction. I hereby offer $75 to anyone who will undertake the feat.
>
> PROF. KONROSS.

Crowds began to gather around that tent, and great was the anger. They declared it to be a swindle, a put up job, and members of the committee had to push around and explain that they acted in good faith and had bargained to pay one hundred and fifty dollars for the attraction and would not pay a cent of it unless the parachute drop occurred. But the crowd had come to see that attraction and found no consolation in anything the committee could say. All the people on the grounds began to surge about the tent and threatened to mob Prof. Konross, when that silk-hatted worthy walked out and mounted the fence to make a speech.

(To be Continued.)

'Varsity Chat.

WHEN on my holidays I heard many stories about Hon. Edward Blake and his first speeches in the County of Bruce. His old constituents said that when he came among them his face was not masked in gloom, but that he was at times quite merry with himself and them. He was, they said, not then in the habit of devoting half his speeches in apologizing for what he was about to say or to excuse his own weakness or to ask pity in his humble way. Oh, no; he feigned nothing, but spoke as a man having authority. As I listened to him at convocation, after the great cheering which greeted his rise had passed into the ocean of the infinite, I thought that the first impressions of his old friends were still applicable to him. He was in excellent mood. He rejoiced and was glad at many things, and thanked God that Prof. Loudon was made president. He played on words and was humorous. He was firm in the conviction that there would under President Loudon be accord and concord without discord or want of harmony. As he went cheerily along it seemed at times that he would get lost in the mazes of his eloquence and forget his verbs, but not he. He would suddenly appear through the thicket and be cheered by the future statesmen with whom the gallery was crowded. He thanked the graduates of the University for re-electing him chancellor by acclamation, and amidst great cheering closed an admirable impromptu speech. The graduates are thankful that he allowed himself to be re-elected, and they are indeed proud of him. They would be exceedingly sorry to lose him.

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Lieuts. Coleman, White and Barker are getting a number of recruits into line for "K" company, Queen's Own Rifles. This company was formed during the excitement caused by the Trent affair in 1861. The first officers chosen were: Prof. H. H. Croft, as captain; Prof. J. B. Cherriman, as lieutenant, and Mr. Adam Crooks (afterwards Minister of Education) as ensign. In the year 1864 the company obtained the first prize, offered by Col. Mountain, inspecting officer, for the most efficient and complete company in Canada. In June 1866, at the Fenian raid the company was led into action by the late Lieut. Whitney, Professors Croft and Cherriman being detained in Toronto by order of the Government. At Limeridge the killed, etc., were as follows: Killed—Privates Malcolm Mackenzie, J. H. Mewburn, William F. Tempest; wounded—Privates W. H. VanderSmissen, R. E. Kingsford, E. G. Patterson, E. T. Paul; taken prisoners—Corp. T. D. Delamere, Lance-corp. W. H. Ellis, Private David Junor. The company also took part in the rebellion in the North-West in 1885, and Private Lloyd was seriously wounded in rescuing a fallen comrade. The company, then, has proved itself well worthy of the confidence of the students, and they ought to exert themselves to maintain its honor and reputation and increase its efficiency.

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Mr. James A. McLean, B.A., for two years the winner of the proficiency medals, a Blake scholarship man and a brilliant graduate of the class of '72, is now a fellow in jurisprudence in Columbia College, New York. He was editor-in-chief of the *'Varsity* last year, and as he always uses the best dictionaries he has a good command of English.

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Mr. F. W. Shipley, B.A., delivered a Latin oration at convocation, this honor being accorded to him as he was awarded the McCaul medal in classics. It does seem strange that no one feels competent to give an address in English. There is a professor in this department now, but it produces poets, not orators, and Browning with his obscurity has much to answer for.

•

Mr. George W. Orton is at present the most prominent and popular student at 'Varsity. Every attendant at this noble institution feels a conscious pride in the knowledge that he is a student of a university that has among its numbers the champion mile runner of North America. Although we entirely agree with our worthy president that the principal aim of a university course is study, and although we earnestly hope that professionalism will never enter within the walls of our *alma mater*, it is nevertheless to be regretted that our best man should be compelled to seek foreign aid in training and to run under the auspices of a Toronto Lacrosse Club. Surely something can be done to remedy this.

ADAM RUFUS.

A Fragment.

The sleet and snow had been falling all the afternoon and now it came even fiercer than ever from the north, driven by the raw wind. Yet he stood on Queen street with his hand held out to the passers-by, while the wind beat on his erect figure. Often I had passed him. He always was at his post, summer and winter alike. Sundays, truly, he did not appear, but on every other day eight o'clock in the morning found him in his place, and every night he withdrew only at midnight.

It was seldom I paid any great attention to him—few of the passers-by did. But occasionally thoughts have struck me concerning his history, and often I have in a melancholy mood wondered what his emotions might be.

What a story he could tell of this world! How well he must know humanity in every form, which passed him continually. The beggar in poverty, the priest, the millionaire, the lawyer and physician. In whatever form man treads the streets, in such form he has passed him. He must by long practice be able to read the very thoughts of men. How I longed for the knowledge which might be stored in his head. I never cared to address him personally, for he never heeded what was said before or to him. His employers say he never was known to speak or move a muscle, and I don't doubt but that is true, for he is a wooden Indian.

ANAMOLIA BAZICK.

Making It Easy for Him.

Mrs. Beacon—Philips, dear, your sister doesn't like you to ask Mr. Fenult so many questions when he calls.

Philips—Oh, I don't bother him any; I don't ask him any hard ones.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

She - You are really engaged to her?

His Lordship—Yaas. I tried to make her think I was proposing without really proposing, don't you know—just to find out what she'd say.

She—What did she say?

His Lordship—Funny thing—by Jove—she made me think I *was* proposing.—*Life.*

A Bride from the Grave

Y. H. Addiss in the Argonaut.

In the sixties—just which years, now, were they, of that decade!—when the cholera swooped darkly over these good United States of North America, she turned her course also southward, and trailed her black, loathsome wing over the sister republic. Mexican interests were absorbing then, and communication was slow and imperfect between the two countries; when the crisis was past, it was too late to seek for details from afield; Mexico was once again of interest only through her mines and her revolutions. Hence, only now and then, here and there, an American learns by casual reminiscence of tragic episode and grisly horror, how heavily bore the weight of that sable pinion in a land where the ordinary ills of plague are enhanced tenfold for the surroundings of a vast majority of the people—of abject want and squalor.

This time the epidemics wept through Chihuahua, usually as healthful a town as there is in Mexico, barring the whooping pneumonia, bred of unwarmed, draughty dwellings and insufficient clothing. The town lies on a high plain, gently sloping toward the river, so that the customary total lack of sanitary precautions is somewhat to some extent by natural drainage. Then the soil, being mineral, a mining district, offers no foothold to miasma; and the population is not so great as to breed *foci* of disease like the sink-holes of filth such as are, too often, the larger cities. But this year vegetables had been ranker than usual; vegetables and fruits were so cheap that watermelons and apricots were fairly staples of diet among the lower orders. The soil seemed to hold moisture avidly; far up the valley, where the river is tapped by the magnificent aqueduct that strides grandly across the champaign with its beneficent endowment of good water—up yonder, grass and water-weeds, and divers more decaying matters, dammed the stream at an eddy of moment, and so the great, stately arches upbore this time a channel of polluted water. The heats were fearful, though the nights chilled; the sun smote the earth like the breath of a brazen furnace. That year the knees of anxious supplicants wore hollows in the flag-stones before the miracle-working picture of Nuestro Senor de Mapiani, in the auxiliary chapel in the left hand tower-room of the noble parish church, and yet still the cholera raged in Chihuahua unabated.

On a certain night, toward the morning hours, Jose Maria Hojas opened his dull eyes with the sensation of awakening from a dream of the most disagreeable. He recognized, as consciousness grew clearer, certain sensations far from pleasant; the alimentary canal, alimentary canal and cavity, seemed to have attempted the deglutition of pounded glass—and that red-hot glass, too, at that; his eyes were bursting; his epidermis felt at once chilled and scalded, deadened and yet so super-sensitive that he felt agony from the touch of his scant clothing and the soft laving of the night wind. His whole body felt as if its every fibre had been tied into knots, strained tight, and then loosened with a jerk. He tried to remember what work he had been at, before going to sleep, that had so mauled and mistreated his frame. Don Celestino Aprovechar-chalos, his employer, was given to setting severe enough tasks to his menials, but Jose Maria had had no such stint as this must have been.

The olfactory sense of the lower-class Mexican can not fairly be called upon to praise highly its possessors. Nevertheless, this avenue of perception now gave Jose Maria extreme discomfort. Also, the intrinsic chill of his flesh was augmented by cold mess of contact. His usual bed was a stone floor, with only the interposition of a coarse, thin blanket; surely, thought Jose Maria, he had lost clothes or lost his *jorongo*. Well—had he been drunk and got a beating, to account for this unmerciful soreness and languor? He put one hand, slowly, weakly; it fell—on what? He turned to look, held his breath with disbelief and terror, then, as a wistful little cloud reluctantly unveiled the moon, Jose Maria leaped to his feet with a soul-stabbing scream of fear and horror, for a corpse, contorted, ghastly, already livid with the fearful hues of beastly cholera, lay at him. As he looked around, his sight now stronger and more used to the crepuscular shade of the place, Jose Maria felt that he must become a madman, for on every side were corpses—stacked like cordwood, straight and rigid; piled in corners in irregular heaps, like the gnarled mesquite-roots for fuel, and, which their best, distorted shapes resembled; thrown down pell-mell without order or arrangement—corpses by the score, frightful, offensive, ghastly with all the horror of solitude and abandonment. Jose Maria Hojas stared frantically about him, and then dashed wildly from side to side of that sinister enclosure. He remembered all now. No more illusions of overwork or of intoxication. He had had cholera—he now remembered the beginning of the attack; he had died, or seemed to die, and he was in the dead-house. And so, all the more furiously as memory grew clearer, he leaped and bounded from side to side of the *patio*, now stumbling over some stark body, now reeling back abhorrent with outspread hands from contact with another, now falling at length upon a heap of the dead as his fictitious strength collapsed, then staggering to his feet again under the spur of terror.

In one of his collapses he either swooned or else he struck his head and was stunned; for he lay senseless so long that when he was at last revived, the moonlight had crept around the court until it shone full on the spot where he lay, which, when he fell, had been in darkness. He raised himself slowly, weakly, on his hands. His face had been lying on the feet of a woman. His gaze traveled up along her form until it rested on her fair face, but not in the moon light. *Virgen Santisima!* it was *la amita*—the little mistress; it was Erminia, the daughter of Don Celestino Aprovechar-chalos.

It is a singular and not an unpleasant feature of Mexican character that, among this race whose imperative exclusiveness may fairly be said to recognize no deterrent or restraint, divine or human, the women of the higher orders almost never are offered offensive advances by men of lower caste. An aristocrat masculine may, and almost unfailingly does, stoop to intrigues with the most squalid and menial of women; but the women of the *plebe* dream of lifting their eyes to gentlemen, women no more than would the domestic animals.

Yet Jose Maria Hojas had loved Erminia Aprovecharlos. She was a singularly lovable girl, before whose iron-barred windows sutiors by the score had promenaded, making court after the strange fashion of the country. Aside from her beauty and her somewhat unusual spirit, her whole manner, her every word, was full of a divine tenderness and sympathy that warmed her slightest notice with a sense of her special interest. It was this attribute that had inspired Jose Maria's devotion. He was of a family of small commercial people, and he had received rather more than the rudiments of education; thus he was far more nearly the social equal of the lady. But the same poverty of spirit that had let him fall to servitude on pecuniary reverses made him cower unresisting before treatment that most servants by heritage would have resented—a harshness which was, indeed, provoked to aggravation by his abjectness. Thus the unfailing consideration and personal solicitude of Erminia had found doubly receptive appreciation. His passion for the girl was of a singular purity; privation and subjection had by no means lowered the pulses of his nature or reduced his feeling to an abstraction; yet his homage was so real, and the girl's dignity invested the sanctity of her womanhood with a barrier so positive, that through all his misery his strongest feeling now was a guilty sense of sacrilege at the involuntary presumption of his chance personal contact with her. Yet the consciousness of that touch brought him comfort. He was now in a proximity that could never have been his under other conditions. This helped to lessen his terror. This poor *mozo*, untaught, untrained, was of a mental cast naturally subjective, reflective, speculative. Incapable of formulative process, that dramatic, desolate night-watch initiated him into many wonders of philosophic perception.

So calmed he was by the presence there of the woman he had worshiped, that he now set about an endeavor to escape with some degree of system. He knew that, resuscitated as he was, the deadly hour of dawn would bring a returned and final collapse, unless he could get succor. Further, for another purpose, more impersonal, more unselfish.

This repository of the plague-stricken dead had once been a *cuartel* (barracks), and its choice for the present use doubtless arose from a prevision of worldly prudence which devoted to contagion this, rather than a house in good repair. The wall-planes of the arched corridors surrounding the court were unsightly, stained and battered; the rear face, whose locked door gave into the barracks, was some what lower than the rest, and there was a possibility of climbing up its angle. As he dragged himself toward it, Jose Maria caught a flash of moonlight on some longish, glittering surface. It was a bottle. The smell, then the taste, proved it to be tequila. Had the soldiers who brought the dead hither were induced to do so only under the influence of abundant stimulant; one of them had been in such overstayed case that he had dropped his vessel before he had more than tasted the fresh bottle. Jose Maria drank generously, and rubbed his temples, his face, his wrists, his breast, with the fiery, smoky liquor. Then, moved by an impulse, he filled his palm and wetted the brow and lips and wrists of Erminia, with intent to defer the encroachments of decay. Fortified by the liquor, he actually made shift to climb by the interstices of the adobe wall to the *azotea* and thence to the similar flat roofs of the rest of the block, where he finally found a ladder, forgotten in the general panic, and so reached the street.

He went directly to the house of his former employer. The door porter, tardily opening the wicket, recognized Jose Maria's voice and outlines, and screeching stridently, "A ghost! a phantom! he has come back to carry us all with him! *el colera!*" he made such an uproar that the master at last appeared to order silence. To him, Jose Maria hastily imparted his story of resuscitation and asked admittance.

"But what!" cried Don Celdar that he then in again!—after, thou brute! thou has once gotten the plague, thou wouldst come back, from the *morivario* to renew again our peril? safety! Go back there and see if this time thou canst die in earnest!" and with that the wicket was closed, and the restored *mozo* was left in the dreary street, with its long lines of closed shut, jail like facades. His spirit fainted within him. Not even the instinct of self-preservation, his fictitious exaltation, and his frequent recourse to the bottle in his bosom, could withstand the deadly prostration creeping over him. Despairing, almost hopeless, he dragged himself to where, far down the street, a light—the only one to be seen—burned in the window of one of the few two-story houses in the city. It gave him, besides a pleasurable hope, a strange feeling of novelty and long lapse of time in contemplation.

"Don Avelino!" he called, his womanish falsetto rising weirdly into the night; "Senor Don Avelino!"

The light only after many such calls that the irregular footfalls, sounding dully here and there over the brick floor above, diverged to the stairs, and then, after a long disturbance within, since Mexicans regard the night-cap fatal, even in times free from epidemic. A tousled head, face and all, looked over the clumsy wooden balustrade.

"Who is there?" he asked hoarsely; "did someone call me?"

The moon, full in sight of that face felt as one might who, transported to some far, strange planet, should see again after the lapse of ages a countenance once familiar. And yet, it was only in the forenoon of yesterday that he had seen Avelino Robles turn furlously away from the sight of the parish church, before whose altar Erminia Aprovecharlos was kneeling, clad in bridal raiment.

"It is I!" he cried; "I pray, your worship, give succor, for I have died, and yet there is now no more danger of contagion from me than from any your honor might meet in her street, for the plague has left me. And, oh! of a truth, I am no spectre, but a live man, tired and needing food and warmth. Oh! turn not away—*por amor de Dios—por la misericordia!* turn not from me! for now I am I am Jose Maria Hojas—I was *mozo* to the family of Aprovecharlos!"

"*Mi-i-i!*—the *mozo*—*jos!*" shouted Robles, his savage emphasis giving to the senseless Spanish oath the force of murder-mood; "what to me the Aprovecharlos family? only one of the brood that was aught but a bird of prey was given over to the clutches of another vulture! The Aprovecharlos, indeed! Dog! *Bribon!* Scoundrel! upon thy head rest the sins of the dead, that thou offerest their name as thy voucher!"

The wretched figure below made the sign of the cross and lifted a hand solemnly toward heaven: "Senor, as you have said, I have died one dove among those kites. And her delicate, sweet body lies down yonder defenceless, and unless you and I be active, her tender limbs must rot in the public *trincheras*. Can you bear to think that her last sleep will be among the general dead—even with thieves and harlots? I am only a humble *mozo*, but I will toil with my last breath to keep her body, in spite of the law, out of the common trenches!"

"What is this thou says?" cried Robles; "hast thou gone mad? The *nina* Erminia was married yesterday to Lino Herrera, the millionaire miner!"

"And her wedding journey was to the dead-house," said Jose Maria; "on the way from the church she was enticed with cholera. I saw her carried past as I lay in the *zaguan*. I, too, in my first agonies. Senor, wilt thou give aid?—I faint—I die again!"

Robles rushed down and unbarred the great door of his deserted dwelling. He was able to carry the rickety form of the *mozo* up the little staircase and lay him on a couch. In his rebellion against the news of Erminia's approaching marriage he had defiantly refused to larger him with the usual remedies, or even the disinfectants with which the rest of the town was reeking. But he had plenty of liquors, and he made hot on a brazier the soup from his unopened *jorongo*. With his body recouped of the terrible drain of the last sixteen hours, Jose Maria's strength returned with vigor. The privations of the Mexican poor are not pleasant to undergo, but they are excellent bodily discipline.

"No doubt it was from pure *congoja* that the *amita* got the cholera," said Jose Maria; "your worship knows well that any emotion opens the gate of the body to illness; and she had wept without ceasing since her father said she must marry Don Lino. Your worship saw that she was as white as lime when they took her to the church. Surely it was a sin to make marriages now with the death in the land. But Don Lino is of the sacrilegious—he laughed and said he would get the start of the cholera. But it tore her from him. Senor, it was a judgment!"

"But a judgment that falls hardest on the ungulity," said Avelino Robles bitterly; "art sure that thou art now strong enough to come with me? I feel how cruel it is to take thee but I can trust none other—and I would bring her here against all the laws of the universe! I can keep her in a separate grave under cover of darkness. But we must be moving, for it is three in the morning."

They had no trouble in opening the *morituorio*; the big, cubit-long iron key of Robles' outer door was enough like all other keys of the time and place to open almost any house then in Chihuahua; and they had not to contend with the inner door-chains, which is the real household safeguard—for they who slept here were not in ease to put it in place; nor had they aught to fear from night-marauders.

They swathed Erminia in a blanket and bore her to Robles' house. The sun rose, meanwhile, sank to his knees beside the couch on which they laid her. As Robles brought him wine Jose Maria burst into tears of weakness.

"No! no!" he cried, "I did not come to life—I am dead of cholera. I thought I was alive, but not so! If only I had been like that well and good! But two in the same way!—in the same place! No! no! No! By that I know it is only a good dream—and I did die!" he shrieked with laughter.

"*Loco!*—insane!" said Robles, and moved to seize him before he should do a mischief—and then he stopped, amazed, for not one tear was Erminia's head turned to one side, resting easily on the pillow, but her lips were open and, even while he gazed, she sighed, faintly but deeply.

It is a thing vastly to Robles' credit that, while he strained his every resources to rescue Erminia, he neglected no whit the care of Jose Maria. He was wont to say, in after years, when complimented upon his wonderful capacity for work within a specified period, that his energy dated from one night when he learned his own possibilities, in the care of two very sick people at once.

When the sun rose he had his charges both in fair comfort, and each in characteristic frame of mind. Erminia was patient, gentle, tranquil; Jose Maria was again timid, vacillating, womanish, but all a thrill with a dog-like, grateful devotion.

Avelino Robles had some throes of moral and mental disturbance as to the future of Erminia, under existing conditions. But Erminia herself decided the question without initiative from him, calling him to her as the day wore on.

"I would tell thee, Avelino, that I will not go to my husband. I have sinned against thee, against myself, and against womanhood, in letting myself be wedded to him, however sore my father's pressure. The merciful God has put the barrier of death itself between me and fearful man. He is no worse off to-day than he was yesternight, not knowing that I lie here alive beneath thy roof-tree, and I will put myself in his power—oh, never!"

"Then," began Robles, with passionate expectation—

"No, dear," said Erminia gently, "thou art dearer than my soul; but—so dear that the woman who should be thine must be stainless. We are farther asunder than the sea and the sky. But—thou will help me, Avelino, dare not—I will not—return to the house of my father, who will give me over to my husband—and I have no other shelter, if thou dare it impossible for me to stay here. Wert thou any other of my countrymen, I would go back to the *morivario*. But I can trust thee!"

"Thou canst trust me."

And so she lay in the room whence Avelino had looked out upon the *mozo*, and on a cot just without her door lay Jose Maria, and to and fro between them went Avelino Robles in faithful attendance. Earnestly he blessed the coward flight of his servants back into their native *hacienda*, since it made possible Erminia's stay here.

The reaction came and passed, the patients both grew stronger, and a week after the rescue Avelino Robles went out to reconnoitre the town and learn if the disappearance of the two bodies had passed unquestioned, as he hoped might well be, in the prevailing confusion and panic.

When he returned, his face was so ghastly, his eyes were so blazing, that Erminia sprang to him in dismay. "Art thou smitten with the cholera, Avelino?" Then have they missed us!—they have traced us hither! Will they come to-day? but I will not go—I can not be made to go!"

Avelino laid his hands on either side of her upturned face. "My soul, thou shalt not go. There is none with right to claim thee. Lino Herrera died of the cholera three days later.

Jose Maria Hojas so weak and groveling a thing that a brave and generous deed must have his reaction of selfish, ignoble repentance! Yet the hands of nobility and courage so sublime that the soul can not sustain itself thereon save for flights of brief endurance, or does the meeting of extremes give the impression of human inconsistency? Jose Maria had suffered when the woman so far, so hopelessly above him was given to the sordid, brutal, dishonorable Lino Herrera; but he had not felt a single pang of jealous, resentful pain that beset him now, when he saw the path clear from Erminia to a man worthy of her goodness and her beauty. He betook himself to the street, heedless of discovery and comment, and almost decided to stay away altogether. He was glad he had not done this, when, returning, he found Erminia so little self-absorbed that their main care was precaution to protect him from the imprudence of his errand to the night-drawn. He was more glad, for loyalty to Erminia, a few days later.

When Avelino Robles waited on Don Celestino Aprovecharlos, with the news of Erminia's preservation, he was met with point-blank contradiction. His daughter was certainly dead, said Don Celestino; she had died, in company with people who chance to fall on cholera. To be sure she had been taken to the dead-house, as the ordinance required, but he, Don Celestino, had attended there next morning, to assist at her funeral. *Si, senor!* Such were the thrice-attested circumstances.

Avelino took his departure, astounded, and sought his chiefest friend, the Licentiate Gamboa.

"*Ghe!*" said that gentleman, laughing, "the thing is very simple. Herrera was so bent on having Erminia that, besides the cash in hand, he had bound himself by some bond having a will leaving his property to her and to her heirs in reversion. He left no will. Avelino himself, and Don Celestino, being Erminia's heir, takes the possessions sooner than he expected. If Erminia had lived—you see? Now, if her own father saw her buried, it was impossible to produce empty testaments and prove she is not there, eh? Happily, thou art rich and hast no need to provoke a scandal. And—ay! and—I hast thou thought of the nine years' wonder that will burn if I marry and live here with Erminia? Now I marry next week Lola Mot, if the pestilence continue to rage, and I take my wife away from the land of the *gringos*. I learn that in some of the States there is fine opportunity for Mexican lawyers and merchants who know both languages. Why should not you and Erminia come with us?"

Of course that was not the moment of final decision; Erminia must be consulted, and she approved; the good old priest was half frightened, but, and who now confessed her, was taken into confidence, and he urged the emigration, "for rough tongues, and the blood," he said, "and as for thy churchly duties, there are good Christians everywhere." Jose Maria heard the news with apathy, and refused outright to go with them. He had done his one great deed and the possibilities of sublimity within him were exhausted. Why should not a man have credit for one lofty deed, as well as for one great picture, or book, or poem, even though he lapse back again into obscurity? Jose Maria took the proposition made him, and went out into the mountains. He owns now a big *hacienda* near Guerrero, and a share in one of the best paying mines in the Cusihuiriachic district. "No fly crawls into a shut mouth," says a Spanish proverb, and this story is not widely known in Chihuahua. Avelino's sisters told it to me; they had to hear it when he took Erminia, for greater quiet, to be married in the little chapel on the *hacienda* where the sisters lived then. They live now in the city of Chihuahua, where they gave me a letter of "recommendation" (introduction) to their brother and his wife, who, as they assured me, with unction, "live just like Americans." The ladies of Mexico are not unpretentious, but they have their own reasons for inclining toward the United States in the matter of husbands.

FLANNELS SHRINK

In the wash. An authority says: "Boiling water, or washing powder, or poor soap spoils the color and ruins the fibre of the wool, and rubbing causes the fibres of the wool to cling closer and closer together, her ce shrinking."

Stop It! Don't rub your flannels so hard and don't boil r scald them SURPRISE Soap goes away with boiling or scalding and does not require hard rubbing. Flannels are made softer by its use, sweet and clean. SURPRISE saves flannels from shrinking and injury. Wash then, the "Surprise way."

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DEAR SPORTSMAN!

Have you everything ready for your SHOOTING TRIP? We have a "power" of goods in GUNS, RIFLES and accessories that are worthy your attention. If you use our LOADED AMMUNITION your shooting will improve 20 per cent.

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An Unpleasant Shave.

"It was in the year 1847," said the raconteur as he took the speaker's chair, "I was making a trip from Onslow to the village of London, derry, N. S., on the north shore of the Bay of Fundy. Before reaching my destination it became dark, the night setting in rainy, and the roads were in such a state that the walking became very tiresome.

"The country here was sparingly settled, and the few inhabitants lived in log cabins of the most primitive kind. They were a coarse and vicious people, making their living by a rude kind of farming. Their farms consisted of a few acres of stump land upon which they raised meagre crops of buckwheat, potatoes and turnips by grubbing around the stumps. Well, just as I was about to sink with fatigue I saw a dim light in the distance, and decided to ask shelter for the night at the first cabin I reached, which proved to be the one where I saw the light. I knocked at the door, which was soon opened in response to my knocking, and was answered by a gruff voice with a single monosyllable, 'come!' I entered and found a number of men sitting around a rough deal table. Their hats were on and they looked at me with a singular expression that I could not define. I asked them if I could lodge there for the night.

"'Yes,' said one of the party, 'but you must come in an' stand your chance with the rest, mister.'

"I asked what that meant.

"The men looked at each other, then another one of the company spoke.

"'We are to draw cuts to see which one of us will have to shave a dead man.'

"I was prepared to hear that some dark crime was to be attempted, but this very unexpected proposition sent cold chills down my back, at the same time that I broke out in a profuse perspiration.

"I consented, however—what else could I do!—and then was told that one of their number had died that day, and it was the custom to draw cuts the dead, and draw cuts which decided the one who was to perform the disagreeable task. The mode of procedure was to cut straws of different lengths, and the duty fell to the one drawing the shortest straw.

"As luck would have it, I drew the shortest straw!

"Well, I offered them everything I had to get out of it—money, my watch—but no, their superstition was stronger than their cupidity, and I was roughly told I must do the barber act with the best grace I could. They were determined to see me through.

"They handed me a bowl of water, another brought a bar of lump soap, and a black bottle with a tallow dip in it furnished the light.

"The dead man was in a shed back of the cabin. I avoided looking at him as much as possible, and, with the razor in my hand, and my knees knocking together, I performed my first and last tonsorial effort, and did the business much better than I expected to under the circumstances.

"But you can easily imagine that I did not close my eyes that night, and a horrible fear assailed me that he—the dead man—might need shaving again in the morning. So the moment it was light I rose from the rough bench on which I lodged, and by sunrise was many miles from the scene of an experience which I should never forget if I lived a hundred years."—*Detroit Free Press.*

It Came to Pass.

It was on the eve of his departure. On the morrow he was to return to the city; they were to part, perhaps forever.

They had wandered down by the brook, and as they sat together on the old seat under the greenwood tree, he was the first to break the stillness of the twilight hour.

"I can't bear to say 'good-bye,'" she sighed.

"Promise me you will come to my wedding."

"I promise you—on one condition," he replied, "that I will come even from the ends of the earth."

"What is it?"

"Will you grant it before I ask it?"

"Yes."

"Let me come as the bridegroom!"

A Sure Sign.

Shippen Clarke—A woman occupied this room before we came.

Bill Dazzer—How do you know?

Shippen Clarke—Don't you see how the carpet is worn in front of the bureau?

Good Enough.

He—That's a most extraordinary reason, don't you know; I don't see why you should refuse me because my family are rich.

She—They might disagree with me.

Like Sheep.

He said if she would give him a kiss he would not ask for another.

"But, dear," she said regularly, "what if I wanted another?"

"Oh! that will be all right!" he assured her; "kisses are like sheep, when one leads the others follow."

Coonville Tennis.

She—Look a-yer, yo' Jeems Johnson, whad's dat I heah yo' sayin' to dat brack coon 'bouten dis bein' a lub-game? I wants yo' to know dat ef yo' undertake to lub dat gal yo' ting offen yo' wif dis swiper. Heah me, doan' yo'!

Business!

Mr. Cornbin (as he falls through Rosenbaum's rotten cellar door)—By Gum, ef I don't sue that feller for damages for this!

Rosenbaum (having extricated Mr. Cornbin) —Sue me! Sue me! Oh, mein downtrotten dis bein' a lub-game? I wants yo' to know dat ef yo' undertake to sue Ike Rosenbaum yo' ting offen yo' wif dis swiper. Heah me, doan' yo'!

Wanted an Idea.

Floorwalker (suavely)—Well, sir; what can we show you first?

Mr. Winterwheat (of Hush Center)—Well, sir; the old woman asked me to do some pricin' and matchin' fur 'er; but I declar now, I ain't got no idea——

Floorwalker—Ideas! Yes, sir. Here boy; show this gentleman to the notion counter!

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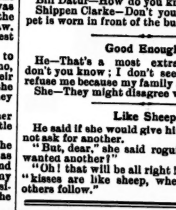

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Old Banjo and Banjo's Bob.

This is a story of a horse and a man. That it possesses in large measure the demerit of truthfulness is not the fault of the writer.

"Yuh couldn't hev him at no price, pard," said Gilmer & Salisbury's superintendent, "on'y the comp'ny's goin' to pull off this route. It sure seems like sellin' my own father to sell Ole Banjo, but yuh kin hev him for two hundred even plunks. More'n thet, the game don't perceed less'n yuh hire Banjo's Bob fer his hostler."

On the way back from Helena, as we sat in the cupola of a caboose, looking out over our trainload of horses, Banjo's Bob told me of his namesake.

"He ain't much fer purty, Banjo ain't, but he's gosh awful fer good. Fer twenty year now I've hed him in my string, an' he ain't a day older in his feelin's than he was in '53 down in Kansas. He's thet proud sperrited I reckon he'd die right thar of he felt the whip. Twict Ole Banjo an' me hed a race with Injuns. Onct down on the Niobrary they hed my station held up fer twelve hours, an' me a pockin' away weth my Sharp's 50-150, an' mingin' lead weth their carcasses mighty free, an' then hed to make a break fer it weth Ole Banjo. I jest give him the word, an' he went through them Comanches like a hunter's teeth through a buffler hump. I got this finger shot off, an' Ole Banjo got a bullet through the tip of his off ear thet makes him look ez though he was swaller-forked. The Injuns chased us twenty mile, but they couldn't hetch Ole Banjo. His head an' tail was up, an' he jest nachully set the yearth on fire. I sure set a heap o' store by thet hoss. Another time I was hostler at an eatin' station on the Cheyanne road in the Black Hills, an' the Sioux got over there on a scalpin' tower. Ole Banjo was nigh led hoss in a six teams of the unbustedest broncos thet ever was strung out ahead of a stage. Well, sir, one day we heard the cluckety-cluck of the stage wheels about an hour before time, an' we knowed from the way the clucks was a comin' so frequent thet somethin' was the matter. In another minute here she come around a little butte, Ole Banjo jest a-pawin' the air on a level trot, an' all the broncos on a dead run. They wa'n't no driver on the box, but Ole Banjo jest started a-circlin' round the station an' snilled 'em tell they come to a stop right in front of the door. Thet's on the dead thievin' square. I hain't tryin' to run no whoemer on yuh, fer I learned him thet trick way back in the sixties. When the coach stopped we seen the driver in the front boot all dabbed weth blood. He'd ben shot in the hed from one o' them rifles the guvment donates to the Injuns fer sich amoosement. We jest started to git him out when round the butte come a bald war party of Sioux, a-yellin' an' makin' medicine most onmusical. We hustled the team inter the station dinin'-room, an' begun turnin' loose on the Injuns. Pretty soon me an' the comp'ny's blacksmith an' the eatin-house man an' his wife an' babby an' Vic Smith, an ole buffler-hunter. We made it plenty unpleasant fer the Injuns, an' Vic he got his man every time but once, an' then he got the Injun's cayuse. But the house wa'n't much pertection, an' ez the Injuns kep' pervadin' roun we sorter agreed thet one on us must go fer help. Ole Banjo hed jest come in fum an eighteen mile route, an' the last six mile a-keepin' ahead of a gang of Injuns, but I knowed he was good fer forty mile more, an' begun gittin' him ready. His backbone an' ribs didn't stick out so free in them days, an' I jest thought I would go it bar'back an' weth on'y a hackamore roun' his nose. Yuh see, the hackamore was on'y a hair rope weth no buckles to jingle. Well, I come along dark purty soon, an' I tore up a pair o' pants an' wrapped 'em aroun' Ole Banjo's feet so his shoes wouldn't clink agin the gravel. When it come plum dark I got on Ole Banjo in the dinin'-room an' rode out toward Cheyanne. We hadn't gone fur when I see an Injun not five foot ahead. He hadn't no idee they was anyone on the hoss's back, an' he jest thought things was a-comin' too easy when good stage hosses walked into his hand a-way. He jest up his hand to ketch Ole Banjo by the fore-top, an' me all the time layin' along his neck weth my gun three inches inside of Ole Banjo's nose. I wa'n't two foot away when I let the Injun hev it right between the eyes. Well, they ain't much more to tell. I jest rode Ole Banjo like the devil a-beatin' tan-bark for the forty mile inter Cheyanne. I started fum the station at jest nine o'clock, an' rode inter Cheyanne at twelve. In half an hour we was on our way back weth a squad of cavalry, an' a little arter four we rode up to the station. All the Injuns was gone 'ceptin' the one I hed located permanent an' three others which Vic hed made good, an' which the other Injuns hadn't kerried off. But I want yuh to notice thet Ole Banjo went thet eighty miles in seven hours, an' never missed his reg'lar trip over the route neither.

"Banjo's got a heap more sense than some folks has got hay. Lots o' times he has saved a coachful o' passengers fum goin' into a wash-out when the night was so dark the driver couldn't see the leaders. One night up in Montanny it was jest nachully stormin' pizen, an' Ole Banjo was on the Deer Lodge trail. Of course he was in the lead, but the driver was a new one, an' hadn't been told thet Ole Banjo savvied his business better'n ary driver thet ever pulled a rein over him. The road wa'n't but eight foot wide in places, with a mounting straight up on one side an' a precipice miles down on the other. The driver hadn't been over the road but once, an' then in the dark, and he felt mighty prayerful when a flash o' lightnin' would come an' let him look down in the yearth about seven mile. He sure didn't need none gay at his vista. But all at once Ole Banjo stopped, an' the rest o' the team knew enough not to make no bluff when Banjo asked fer a show down. The driver done his best tuh git the team tuh move, but they all waited to see Banjo's hand. Finally the driver waked up a passenger who was sleepin' in the front booth on the mail-sack, an' give him the ribbons to hold while he went ahead to spy out the trouble. He found a plenty, fer he was almost onrollin' a big grizzly-bar when a flash o' lightnin' showed him his mistake. Well, yuh see, the driver hadn't lost no bar, and the man a-holt o' the lines swore he never touched but one high place tell he jumped on the box. The driver tole me he all to once weighed three ounces lighter'n a straw hat, an' jest flew over the team. They wa'n't no chance tuh turn the team er the coach, an' the hull outfit hed tuh stay there an' shiver tell it was light enough to see. Then they shot the bar an' found it hed busted an inside surcingle er somethin' a-tumbling down the mounting. But all ye see, I want yuh to notice thet ary other hoss in the lead would a-jack-knifed the team, an' carried the hull outfit to kingdom come down the precipice. He's a sure good hoss, an' the man thet ever throws silk inter him er treats him bad hez got tuh make some medicine weth me, Joe Bash. He ain't never been outclassed in ary team he was ever into. He's worked in teams where yuh had to go up one side weth a broad-axe and down the other weth a shovel a-knockin' 'em intuh the collar, but you bet yuh, Ole Banjo wa'n't never hit a clip. His tugs was allus a drawin'."

One bitter cold day in January word came up the line that Ole Banjo was dead. I jumped on the down coach, and as I dismounted at Cave Hills station it was with a feeling of surprise rather than anger that Banjo's Bob was not at hand to grasp the bits of the led team. But this feeling changed wholly to one of grief as I saw on the sunny side of the station a rude mound surmounted by a headstone of rough boards. With harness dressing for paint, and his finger for a brush, Banjo's Bob had inscribed the following epitaph:

HEAR LIES OLE BANJO
The best stage hoss That ever
Looked thrus a
Collar.
Murdered Jan. 1 1883 by Cheyann Bill
Throwin the silk into him.

I hastened into the station, half expecting to see the dead body of Banjo's Bob swinging from a rafter. But he was made of different stuff. He had used the boards of his bunk for the headstone of Banjo's grave, and burned his supply of fuel in thawing the clods which he had blasted out with dynamite to make a grave for his namesake.

"Howdy, boss! I'm goin' to quit yuh. I like yuh all right, but I hain't got nothin' tuh give fer now, but just make medicine weth Cheyane Bill. If yu'll jest give me my time, I'll go up to Medory an' git my stuff an' start after him. Monday night a week the swing shift come in here, an' I had to send out a four team weth Cheyanne Bill. I knowed he was too free weth the silk, an' I tole him not to throw it inter Ole Banjo, not on no account whatever. Well, sir, he drove inter Middle Grand weth a spike team. My poor Ole Banjo was a-lyin' dead three miles back. They was a rattler in the road thet Ole Banjo must 'a' saw, an' he crowded over the off side. Cheyanne Bill didn't take no notice 'ceptin' thet Banjo was out o' line, an' he raised his whip an' throwed the silk inter him. It hain't much to most hosses, an' it ain't nothin' to some, but it was murder to my ole hoss. He hadn't never felt the sting o' the silk, an' he knowed as well as a human thet he didn't ought to feel it. It broke his heart right thur. He jest give a spring in the air an' come down in a heap. He didn't suffer none 'ceptin' fer the one lick thet murdered him. Russ Wilson, foreman of the Eo outfit, come along next mornin', an' I hired a mule team of him fer eight dollars a day to haul my ole hoss back to the station. Russ was mighty uppity about lettin' me hev the team at any price. But when I told him it was to bury Ole Banjo, he jest let me hev two teams fer nothin', an' sent one of his cow-punchers to Deadwood to buy dynamite fer blastin' out the grave. More'n thet, he come all the way over from the Eo, and brought every one of his boys to give a military funeral to my ole hoss. The obs'quies was accordin' to Hoyle, you bet, an' the boys all fired a salute over the grave weth all the cartridges in their six-shooters. But I cain't stay no longer in sight of his grave weth Cheyanne Bill on top of ground. It 'ud drive me locoed in a week. I've got enough stuff comin' to strike Bill's trail, an I'll never leave it till I've made medicine weth him. I hear he didn't dast stop at the end of his run, but kept a-goin', and left the coach in the Bad Lands, an' struck across country fer Mingusville. He'll sure make his first stop in Helenaw, an' I may hetch up weth him thur. Anyways, I'll follow him tell I find him. If I don't find him in this world I'll go to hell to find him in the next, an' I'll squirt coal oil on him, an' ketch him squirm while he's burnin'. I hain't got nothin' to live fer 'ceptin' on'y jest that."

Yesterday, more than seven years after Old Banjo's death, I opened a paper sent me from Las Vegas, New Mexico. Huge black lines smelling of harness dressing were drawn about the following article:

"Cheyenne Bill was shot and instantly killed in the Maverick saloon yesterday by a man calling himself Banjo's Bob. The coroner's jury acquitted the prisoner, as it was shown that Cheyenne Bill had pulled his gun and turned loose at him as soon as he entered the door."

In defiance of Uncle Sam's postal laws there was scrawled immediately under the black lines:

"I sed I wuld make Medecin weth Cheyann an I done it. BANJO'S BOB."

—*Harper's Weekly.*

Farmer Hardesty's Hard Luck.

Trustee—Brother Hardesty, how much are you going to give for the support of the church this year?

Farmer Hardesty—Nothin'.

"Haven't you had good crops this season?"

"Yes."

"Purty good?"

"Had any sickness in your family?"

"No."

"Lost any of your live stock?"

"No."

"Has anything disastrous happened to your barns or farming implements?

"Nothin'."

"Then it strikes me, Brother Hardesty, you are not showing a proper spirit of thankfulness for the prosperity that has—"

"Prosperity! Say, we've had a cholera scare, hain't we?"

"Yes, but the pestilence has not come, and that is all the more reason why you should—"

"Hasn't come! I'm not talkin' about the cholera. I'm talkin' about the scare. See that fourteen-acre field over yander?"

"Yes."

"Well, I planted it in cowcumbers for the New York market. Fourteen acres o' cowcumbers! An' they ain't worth pickin'! That's what ails me this year, Brother Ashcraft. I hain't got no grudge, but I don't feel under no obligations, by gum!"

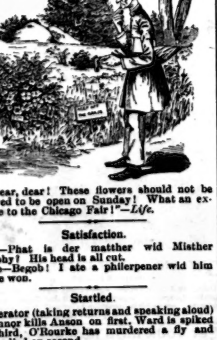
Held Up at The Seaside.

"Hold up yer hands or I'll chuck this right on to you. (To pal) Now then, Abellino, go through her for all she's worth."—*Life.*

At a Housewarming.

Mrs. Critical—Carved woods and metal ornaments—such a lot of fret-work!

Mrs. Letterall—Yes, indeed; it's the most worrisome job to clean 'em!



"Dear, dear! These flowers should not be allowed to open on Sunday! What an example to the Chicago Fair!"—*Life.*

Satisfaction.

He—That is der matther wid Misther Murphy? His hod is all out.

She—Begob! I ate a philerpenner wid him an' he won.

Startled.

Operator (taking returns and speaking aloud) —Connor kills Anson on first, Ward is spiked on third, O'Rourke has murdered a fly and Kelly died on second.

Mrs. Haytop—Xcuse me! I didn't know I'd got inter th' morgue.

Are You "In the Swim?"

It is said: "You may as well be out of the world as out of the fashion."

In the West End of London, Eng., the fashionable quarter, it is not now considered "the proper thing" to wear RUBBER waterproofs.

Among the "smart" set it is looked upon as "bad form," and as much out of place for a Man to wear a RUBBER waterproof as for a Woman to wear a bustle.

When a new article suddenly springs into favor and is almost universally adopted, you may be sure it must possess extraordinary merit. "MELISSA" COATS seem to meet every requirement of Health, Comfort and Fashion, and gratify every taste. They are produced in an infinite variety of textures, patterns and styles. To any intelligent person the mere mention of the many advantages of "MELISSA" RAIN-PROOF GARMENTS over the old Rubber article is sufficient.

No dampnsss, no chills, no odor, no pulling apart at the seams. A Rainproof and Overcoat combined, with all the advantages of both.

If You Wear a "Melissa" Coat
You are "in it."

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

CHESHUNAH.—A very strong character; tenacious, persistent, fond of tried ways, cautious, but impatient as times, sharp in judgment, independent and clever.

VIAN.—Very independent, energetic, practical, independent, fond of company, slightly humorous, fond of talking, but not e ecessarily indiscreet, highly honorable and affectionate.

MARGARETTA JONES.—You are careful, observant, ambitious and enterprising, persevering in effort, hopeful and bright, lacking fineness of perception and sympathetic feeling, but at the same time good tempered and kind.

FATHA.—1. I am delighted to have you for a paper friend and hope you will write again. 2 You are clever and original, impatient and rather averse to change, very sensitive and somewhat under-rated, slightly self-willed, generous, generous, careful, a little temperamental and extremely independent.

CHUCK CLARK.—1. I have never essayed the task you mention, but have seen the article described. It's extremely funny. 2. You are rather disinclined, somewhat self-conscious, discreet and self-assertive, taste is crude, honesty good, energy and enterprise very small. You are kind and conscientious and lack ease and tact.

LUNATIC.—Your writing is not very finished, but when you learn to write without lines and acquire more style and character it will make a capital hand. Your writing is rather too crude for delineation. The matter of your study was so thoughtful and good that it quite compensated the bad writing, but I don't think you are as old as ancient, are you?

LAW STUDENT.—You are fond of comfort and are of a hopeful, independent and rather ease-loving nature. I am afraid you are a little bit fickle, though to such a fine study I hate to say so; at any rate, you are persevering in effort, decided in will, practical and pretty sure to succeed in life, tenacity of purpose goes with very good energy and some ambition.

VIOLET MACK.—You are original and independent, practical and careful, fond of social intercourse and inclined to ease, some lack of determination, excellent perseverance but not much concentration nor strength are shown. The writing is that of a person who would enjoy long life, and probably will be more or less imposed on. Culture is lacking and intuitive perception is also deficient.

PORTIA.—1 Spice and Sarsnnet: Your writing is very beautiful, but a little too flourishy. It shows taste, ambition, sympathy, love of ease and some leaning to a luxurious life (hope you'll get it!) you can make the best of what you have, however, and are very good-natured generally, can be sarcastic, affection is strong, hope and energy very good. I fancy you are a courageous and buoyant nature.

FAIRYHUNTER.—This is rather a self-assertive body, of an even temperament, decided notions, slightly sharp temper, but large and generous mind. At present her character is not fully developed, and is waiting for discipline and experience to tone down some of its crudities. I think, Paddywhack, that you are conservative and rather practical in your ways and ideas. Some taste and much strength are shown.

MISS TOMMY T.—Your writing certainly is rather peculiar with little twists of humor and strokes of self will and much excellent candor and honesty that I would trust you a long way off. You are constant and reliable, affectionate and very practical and persevering. You have your little ambitions, and you are a wee bit averse to doing your own work. Your writing is a good specimen of its kind.

LADDIES CHUM.—You are an earnest, impulsive and rather romantic girl, with good powers of imagination, rather a strong will, fond of your own way, very appreciative of generous motives, able to keep your own counsel, not easily by any means rational as a general thing. Perhaps you lay too much stress on the world's opinion and are a little too solicitous for approbation. On the whole, though, your character is very worthy of admiration.

MISS, G——street.—If the minister was in charge of a parish and properly ordained, and your brother got a proper license, he is bound by the first marriage and could not legally contract a second one. I could not properly say you whether the first marriage was binding with only the lady's name mention, but it seems as if it was. It is a bit difficult and expensive to get a divorce in Canada. I have been holding your letter for a long time as you gave me no name to answer it to.

A SCOTCH BLUE BELL.—1 It is rather late in the day to thank you for the tickets to the closing exercises, but I hold like to do so, although I have no remembrance of what particular event they signalized. However, my pretty flower, I hope they were very successful. Isn't it dreadful of me not to remember? But, my dear, there are so many! 2 Your writing shows honor, energy, good temper, generosity, excellent discretion and some self-assertion. You are not romantic nor visionary, but you have a keen sense of beauty and are kind and sympathetic.

SIDNEY.—1. Your two letters and coupon only came to hand. They certainly give material enough for a complete study. 2 You are decided but not obstinate, with a faculty for making the best of things and a fine stand of honor, abundant enterprise and some ambitious and lofty thoughts, decided sympathy, some magnetic power, great energy and fine locality for planning, together with ability to carry out plans. Quite a lively hand, but somewhat marred by lines which tell of lack of endurance, dispoing you to despond under trial and even to look down when the sun is shining. I think you are some what small, but very conscientious, with great appreciation of the beautiful and a little impatience. Send along the other study with a coupon. Who could refuse a request so nicely made!

IONA.—1. The study you enclose is not a very pleasing one. It shows vanity, concealment or more properly excessive caution, along with great fondness for social intercourse and indiscreet speech, rather a puzzling combination, unless one resolves it into simple unintuitiveness which is the usual result of talking a good deal, but being extremely anxious not to let your hearer lose your confidence. Excellent determination, at one will, love of novelty. I should not trust much to the writer's generosity or unselfishness, and to tell the plain truth, I don't like the study. 2. Your own writing is in almost every point the direct opposite to the enclosure. You are original, honest, rather obstinate, strong in feeling and tenacious, careful of details, and considerate of appearances. I like you, as much as I dislike your enclosure. I am also very sorry your answer did not reach you sooner. I put your letter to one side for special study and forgot it.

The Strategic Citizen and the Robber.

"Your money or your life!" and the sober citizen who had been detained down town was halted by the desperate and soulless robber.

The scene was on the corner of one of Chicago's fashionable thoroughfares, and from the star-lit skies Polaris and the peaceful Pleiades looked down upon the two men, one of whom held a revolver pointed at the other's head. Not another person was in sight. All was quiet.

"Your money or your life," repeated the fiendish highwayman.

"I'll give you my money," said the citizen, "but upon this condition—that you put some bullet holes through my coat. You see, I want to tell my friends how bravely I defended myself and will show these holes in proof of what I say."

The robber sees visions of how easily he can win a nice sum of money and complies.

"That's right. Now another shot here through the lapel of the coat [shot fired] Now one through the coat-sleeve, but be careful you do not graze the flesh [third shot]. Bravely done! Now one through the leg of the trowsers and the coat tails [fourth and fifth shots]. Now we must have one through the coat and vest. I will open my vest thus, and you fire so it will go through both thicknesses of cloth. The boys up to the club cannot say I was not badly used up."

The robber gets interested and fires the last shot in his revolver through the unoffending coat, whereupon the sober citizen turns upon him, and during his own surprise compels the robber to surrender the empty pistol. The malefactor is marched into town and handed over to the duly constituted authorities, and the sober citizen is the hero of clubdom.—*Chicago Mail.*

A Generous Father

Ikenstein (to his little son)—Ikey, get der hatchet und chop oop dat parrel into kintlin' wood.

Ikey—Oh, gif it to me, Fadder!

"Vat you vant mit it?"

"Vy, I yoost read mit der paper dat a gommon flour parrel yould hold 578,000 slifer tollars, und I'm goin' to dry to fill dot parrel out you gifs it to me."

"Dot's right, Ikey. Always be economical, und ven you gets dot parrel full I gifs you a gouple more."

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HEAD
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is the base of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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Music.

THE officers of the Toronto Vocal Society deserve the gratitude of all Canadian musicians in announcing their intention of awarding prizes for original composition in the line of work undertaken by the Society. The amount of the award, in itself, would hardly serve as an impetus to special effort on the part of our composers. But the prominence given the successful competitor, and the knowledge that his work would receive a representative performance, furnish stronger incentives in this respect than any yet held out to native talent. It would be well for the Society to make its official announcement concerning this matter at as early a date as possible. The idea is a novel one, and the sudden announcement of a scheme to advance the interest of Canadian composers and create a practical sympathy on behalf of their work might prove a shock from which some would not readily recover. I should like to see a similar announcement issued by the executive of the Philharmonic Society for an original cantata, scored for chorus and orchestra.

The most pretentious work yet offered to the Canadian public by a resident musician has undoubtedly been Sig. D'Auria's cantata, Guinare. Notwithstanding an imperfect performance upon the occasion of its first presentation here, this work impressed me as exceptionally clever and scholarly. In his treatment of the orchestra Sig. D'Auria betrays a facility of expression and an intelligent sympathy with the modern school of orchestration, for which I cannot but feel the highest admiration mingled with regret that the opportunities of exercising his superior talent in this city should be so limited.

I am pleased to be able to bear advance testimony as to the excellence of another work by a resident composer, which Metronome informs us has been accepted by an English publishing house, namely, The Wreck of the Hesperus, set to music (for ladies' voices), by Mr. Arthur E. Fisher. In this work, which I have been privileged to hear, Mr. Fisher gives evidences of a dramatic instinct which has quite charmed, and I confess, somewhat surprised me. The cantata is melodious throughout although somewhat difficult for an average ladies' chorus, but its first presentation here is in good hands, Miss Hillary having undertaken its preparation and production being a sufficient guarantee of satisfactory results. Students of counterpoint will find much to interest them in a clever canon (in the outer voices) in four parts, a beautiful example of Mr. Fisher's contrapuntal skill. I very much fear, however, that the chorus attempting this number will have to endure many an heroic struggle with it to prove its conqueror. I should be interested to hear of a similar effort by Mr. Fisher for mixed voices. There is generally more glory, and also more money, in such a work on account of the larger community of executants to which it might appeal and the correspondingly increased chances of more frequent production.

Judging by the signs of the times, the so-called Service of Praise seems likely to outdo even its record of last year. Much might be said for and against this form of innocent amusement as practiced in some of our churches, but the musician is likely to regard it in the light of its influences upon what some might term "legitimate" musical enterprise. There can be no doubt but that the frequent entertainment of the public through the medium of the above services satisfies the average amusement seeker, and discourages the support of other enterprises where a fixed sum is charged above the ten cent minimum limit of some of our churches. In most instances these services are held from purely financial motives, and I have had, on several occasions, to admire the frank avowal of some managers of these enterprises to this effect.

It is, of course, the business of none but those most directly interested as to what form their entertainments may assume. It seems to me, however, that to continue perpetrating a joke by designating many of these performances services of praise, is unbecoming the dignity of any church or society. It has always been a mystery to me where the praise existed in comic recitations, concert polkas for the cornet, banjo solos, etc., nor have I as yet had a satisfactory explanation of the incongruity which existed between the title of the entertainment and the character of it. I am neither a Puritan, nor the descendant of one, but might I be permitted to suggest that the nature of these entertainments be indicated by their name. Some churches, it is true, do not object to secular entertainments within the sanctuary. These are perfectly consistent so long as the cloak of religion is not thrown over these enterprises by the promoters thereof. Other churches, so that rich and poor may enter alike, object to a fixed charge for anything of the kind, and expect and dem and that the character of the service should be dignified and appropriate. It is the sensational, however, which seems to appeal most successfully to the public.

Growing interest in church music is nowhere more pronounced than in Toronto. Evidences of this exist on all sides. I am pleased to learn in this connection that the wealthy congregation of St. Peter's church are considering the purchase of a fine three manual organ, and that the enterprising choirmaster of the Carlton street Methodist church has set the ball rolling for a new organ to replace the present rather unsatisfactory "kist o' whistles" in the latter church. I am also informed that the present pneumatic key and stop action of the Jarvis street Baptist church organ is likely to be replaced soon by the electric system throughout, with some alterations in the present specification as well. Some other churches are moving, and many which are not should be, but of this more anon.

Our bald headed and highly respectable contemporary, *The London Musical Times*, sometimes essays a joke, but like London *Punch*, most of these attempts require a label on this side of the Atlantic. There are times, however, when the learned editor of the *Musical Times* strikes a humorous vein. These are generally on occasions when he endeavors to be particularly serious. Having gotten himself badly entangled, in some references to local (Toronto) affairs, coupled with advance opinions as to the late German opera season in London, and the alleged existence of an "orchestra" in Gloucester, England, Metronome, as in duty bound, and in as kindly a spirit as possible, brushed the cobwebs from his bedimmed vision, at the same time commenting playfully upon the summersault in the editorial tone of the *Musical Times*, after the season of German opera in London was completed. The worthy editor of the *Times* now returns to the attack, but it is noticed very feebly, and attempts a joke on SATURDAY NIGHT, which might have been less lugubrious had the learned editor been in a more playful spirit at the time. We freely forgive the *Times*. It is generally well behaved and is very naughty only when writing indirectly in defence of the dry as dust catalogue of the firm it represents.

MODERATO.

Mr. Harry M. Field, who has lately returned from Germany after two years' study, will make his first public appearance at a recital to be given by him on Tuesday, October 25, when he will present a programme of attractive piano music and will be assisted by representative talent.

The first of Messrs. Sucklings & Sons' important series of concerts takes place on Tuesday evening next at the Pavilion, when Herr Xaver Scharwenka, Miss Emma Juch and Singer Delasco will take part.

He Wanted to be Sure.

The janitor watched his chance until he found the lawyer's office door open and the wise man seated inside, good-humoredly smoking a cigar. Then he edged in cautiously and respectfully.

"Well, William, what is troubling you?"

"Nothing, sir; that is, I think it's all right, sir. But I—I—was thinking that seeing I'd always done any little thing I could to 'blige you, perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me if I ain't right."

"Let 'er go, William. I suppose you are going to sue somebody for squirting tobacco on the stairs? Fire away."

"It's not that, sir. It's about the cholery. They're getting it out of New York, ain't they? and it's quitting all over, they say."

"Yes; don't let cholera alarm you. It won't come here, not this year, anyhow."

"That's what I was going to speak about, sir. All them big doctors say it won't come this year, but'll likely break out in New York next spring and run over the States and Canada, don't they?"

"Yes, that's the opinion of the best medical men, William, but don't let that——"

"Oh, I ain't goin' to. But, you see, there's a fellow what wanted to measure me for life insurance two years ago but I wouldn't, and yesterday he tackled me again—'pon my word! He couldn't have heard anything about the cholery, sir. So I got insured for a thousand dollars by paying forty down. You've read in the papers what all them big doctors say, and cholery's bound to come. Well, that's all I wanted to know, and I've done that swell coon up slick. When he reads about the cholery in the papers he can't back out, can he?"

"No, it's all right, William. But I don't exactly see why you are so tickled about the cholera coming. Don't you see you will have to die to make anything out of this deal?"

"Well, sir, but it's a thousand dollars for forty. You must look at it that way, sir. The difference counts for something, sir."

"If you look at it that way you've got a sure thing, for if the cholera does not carry you off, all you've got to do is to commit suicide."

"God forbid that I should lay hands on my own life, sir! That's a horse of another color—that wouldn't be honest, sir. I wouldn't do that—no, no! But if cholery comes, I'm sure to go off, and the thousand dollars will be won square and honest. You know, sir," and here William grew enthusiastic and confidential, speaking as one who had a secret and great joy, "I have always took everything as could be took: I've had dipthery, scarlet fever, typhud, smallpox, grippe, and everything, and if I'd been insured I could have gone off as easy as not any of them times. I think cholery'll give me a show, seein' as how I'm knocking around in the way of everything, special as I've a chance of going up the flume prosperous like and making a fortune at one lick. If it comes here at all, I stand as good a show as anybody. Them doctors say it'll most likely come next year—that's all right, then—and the bargain can't be busted, no matter what comes; that's all I wanted to know, and I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure, sir. Good-day."

And the janitor went out with a joyful heart and a mind at ease, to polish the brass lettering on the lawyer's door with an oiled rag.

ZEKE.

Too Much Rebound.

"Why were you so cross to your husband at breakfast?"

"I just couldn't help it. I felt as if I must scold at somebody or burst. Just physical irritability, you know—and then everything went wrong. Breakfast was late, the steak burnt, the coffee thin and cakes heavy."

"Then why didn't you scold the cook?"

"Oh, I couldn't. She'd leave."

The Chill Autumnal Days.

"We might as well consider our engagement as broken, Reginald."

"I don't see why! Your father said postponed."

"Postponed until you arrived at years of discretion. And in your case, Reggy dear, you know what that means."

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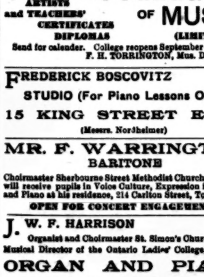

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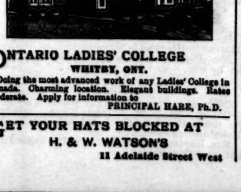

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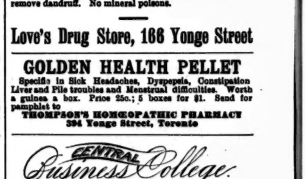

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BALD HEADS
We warrant Capilline to produce the growth of hair and remove dandruff. No mineral poisons.
Love's Drug Store, 166 Yonge Street

GOLDEN HEALTH PELLET
Specific in Sick Headaches, Dyspepsia, Constipation Liver and Pile troubles and Menstrual difficulties. Worth a guinea a box. Price 25c.; 5 boxes for $1. Send for pamphlet to
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394 Yonge Street, Toronto

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The Toronto School is the largest and best equipped business college in Canada. The Stratford College has an excellent reputation in Western Ontario for thorough work. Every interested person is earnestly invited to visit these institutions and examine the complete facilities. Such inspection will cause the visitor to place a higher estimate on business education and to take a deeper interest in superior work. The courses of study in each institution is of unusual thoroughness, yet strictly practical. Business practice will be extensively carried on between the students in the two schools.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
Students admitted daily. Handsome catalogues free.
Location of Toronto School, Cor. Yonge and Gerrard. SHAW & ELLIOTT Principals

FOR A BUSINESS EDUCATION ATTEND THE British American Business College
YONGE ST., TORONTO.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
C. O'DEA, SEC'Y.

LOWE'S COMMERCIAL ACADEMY, 346 Spadina Ave., Toronto. Shorthand, Bookkeeping and Typewriting. Taught until proficient for $5.

KINDLING WOOD FOR SALE
Thoroughly dry and delivered to any part of the city or any part of your premises at the following prices (pay when delivered), viz: 6 cords for $1; 13 cords, $2; 30 cords, $5. A cords holds as much as a barrel. Send a post card to HARVIE & CO., 30 Sheppard Street, or go to your nearest Grocer or Druggist and Telephone 1570.

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT
6 and 8 Jordan Street
This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Ormsby, Miss Graham, Mrs. John and the Misses Skynner, all of Springfield.

•

Miss Magrath entertained her friends on Wednesday last, at her residence, Erindale, Springfield-on-Credit. Many Torontonians, both of the present and past generation, will remember the many delightful entertainments and the hearty welcome extended to one and all in the past at the fine old hospitable mansion, Erindale.

•

Mr. Robert C. Welsh of Quebec has been spending a short time in Toronto.

•

Capt. W. F. Myers is in the city visiting friends.

•

The Misses Snider of Woodbridge have been visiting friends at the Junction.

•

The Misses Swabey of Beverley street have returned from a lengthy trip in the Old Country.

•

Dr. C. Stuart Murray, who has been out of the city for some years, returned here recently and intends to reside in Toronto permanently.

•

Mr. J. Lyons Biggar of Belleville was in town this week.

•

Miss Hill's party of young lady tourists has returned in a very enthusiastic frame of mind having made a most delightful voyage through the most interesting parts of the continent. One and all speak gratefully of their chaperon's kindness and ability. Miss Hill is at present the guest of Mrs. Banting.

•

Mrs. Kirkpatrick will not receive next Wednesday afternoon, as she will be absent from the city. After next week the Wednesday reception will be continued as usual.

•

The Misses Phillips of Quebec, who have been visiting Mrs. Robin, their sister, are staying with Mrs. Montizambert of St. George street.

•

Mr. and Mrs. D. Layton have left Center Island and moved into their new residence, corner of Admiral road and Bernard avenue.

•

Mrs. William Hendrie, jr., of Hamilton, leaves next Monday for Liverpool, England.

•

Mr. S. Gibbons of the Royal Canadian Bicycle Club completed two centuries on Friday and Saturday of last week. He wheeled to Trenton and returned the following day, making good time.

•

Dr. Cummings of Hamilton was in town this week.

•

Mrs. and the Misses Boulton of Grange road have returned to the city after spending two months at their summer resort.

•

Mr. W. G. Thomson of St. Catharines was in the city recently.

•

Miss McLaren has returned to St. John.

•

Prof., Mrs. and Miss Hirschfelder have returned from Ottawa.

•

In the Rosedale Lawn Tennis Club's annual tournament Mr. H. J. Martin won the senior championship and the president's cup. In the doubles Messrs. Sanson and Robinson were

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

???

Are You Thinking of Diamonds---Of buying them we mean?

You should see OUR stock of set and unset stones—the largest by long odds in the city—bought direct in Amsterdam. Our values are simply UNAPPROACHABLE.

All the newest and most desirable styles of mountings now in vogue in Paris and New York.

Correspondence solicited.

Ryrie Bros.
Jewelers
Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

THE BEST FAMILIES

USE THE DELHI CANNING CO'S

CANNED GOODS

Which are Prepared Specially for the

BEST FAMILY TRADE

Epicure Corn, Sifted Select Peas, Fine French Beans and Epicure Catsup are Special Brands.

When purchasing, ask your grocer for those Brands. See that the Name and Maple Leaf is on every can and bottle, which are guaranteed.

A Fashionable Brief Bag.

The above is an illustration of the latest design in Brief Bags, which really makes a very handsome bag, and is rapidly superseding the damask bags formerly carried by barristers.

The most favorite quality is a bag made of oak-tanned, enamelled, Cowhide leather, with heavy frame and good lock, and is leather lined. Price commencing at $4.25. There is also a very superior bag in great demand, made of French Morrocco, leather lined, fitted with fine frame and lock, that costs from $10.50 upwards, according to the size. These bags are kept in stock and can be procured at H. E. Clarke & Co.'s elegant trunk store at 105 King street west.

Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House POPULAR WITH THE PEOPLE

WEEK COMMENCING OCTOBER 17

Matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday

THE GREATEST OF ALL IRISH DRAMAS

Cruiskeen Lawn

Under the Management of Mr. W. A. Edwards

New, Splendid and Dazzling Scenic Effects. A Great Cast The Greatest of All Successes

NEXT ATTRACTION - - N. S. WOOD

Grand Opera House

Week Commencing Monday, October 24

REGULAR MATINEES

ENGAGEMENT OF

ROSE and CHARLES **Coghlan**

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DIPLOMACY

Sardou's Greatest Play

With the following great company: Mr. John T. Sullivan, Miss Sadie Martinot, Mr. Frederick Robinson, Mr. Robert Fischer, Mr. Grant Stewart, Miss Beatrice Moreland, Miss Nina Von Trautman, Miss Mabel Eaton and others.

Seats now on sale.

Academy of Music

Week Commencing Monday, October 17

Only Matinee Saturday

RENO and FORD'S

Sensational Comedy Drama

Joshua Simpkins

The Greatest of All Rural Plays

Produced with Special Scenery and Wonderful Mechanical Effects.

SEE THE GREAT SAW MILL SCENE

A Real Buzz Saw Tearing Through a Mammoth Log.

Pleasing Singing and Dancing
Delightful Music

SERVICE OF SONG AND READINGS

Carlton Street Methodist Church

TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 18

Prof. S. H. Clark, Elocutionist; Miss Hortense Jones, Miss Maude Scarr, Miss Lottie Bailey, Sopranos; Mr. Sims Richards, Mr. Wm. Preston, Tenors; Mr. A. L. E. Davies, Baritone; G. H. Osburn's Guitar and Mandolin Club. Full choir. D. E. Cameron, choirmaster. W. H. Hewlett, A.C.O. (Can.), organist. Silver collection 10c. and upwards.

JOINT RECITAL

MISS JESSICA YERWILLIGER, of Boston and A. C. MOGRIDGE, B.E., Principal Toronto College of Expression

Association Hall, on Tuesday, October 18

Assisted by F. WARRINGTON and others.

Plan opens this morning at Nordheimer's.

MR. A. S. VOGT
Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis Street Baptist Church

Teacher of the Pianoforte and Organ

Residence, 605 Church Street, Toronto

SOCIETY DANCING

33rd Year & 17000 Pupils

Class and Private Instruction

All Standard and New Dances Taught

Beginners and advanced classes always organizing for Ladies, Juveniles and Gentlemen.

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Prof. Davis

FOR SALE.

Mantle, very handsome Russian Sable. A bargain. May be seen between 2 and 4. 326 Jarvis street.

MISSES E. & H JOHNSTON

Have now a full assortment of new Fall Goods. Original and Fascinating Toilettes, comprising

GOWNS, MANTLES, COATS AND MILLINERY

Can now be procured at

E. & H. JOHNSTON'S, 192 King Street West

C. S FIEROE'S
STEAM PLEATER

puts on bastings all ready for use. PINKING—Pinking for your petticoat, pinking for your jacket, pinking for your tablecloth. Pinking—don't forget it—3 King East.

TOILET GOODS—All the best in French and American markets to be had at Fieroe's, 3 King East. Yes, almond meal is good. I have sold it for the last fifteen years. Next week we will introduce the far-famed Derma-Royale to our many patrons, trial free, at No. 3 King East. Fieroe's, with the $500 reward to do all they claim for it, and a $500 reward to anyone injured in the slightest manner by it. When Time, who steals our years away, shall steal our beauty, too, Derma-Royale will prove our stay and still our youth razor. Derma-Royale obtained only from C. S FIEROE, 3 King Street East, Temple of Beauty, Toronto.

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For Weddings, Parties, Etc.

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For Dietetic and Medicinal Use, the most wholesome tonics and beverages available.

Eight Medals and Ten Diplomas at the World's Great Exhibitions

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Choice sets of Silver Cutlery and China for hire.

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We beg to inform our many PATRONS that our stock is complete in every detail.

We make a specialty of Ladies' Seal Skin Sacques and Coats, which are all cut by practical pattern makers. Ladies ordering garments from us may depend upon a perfect fit and skins of the very best quality.

G. R. Renfrew & Co.

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PARISIAN STEAM LAUNDRY

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Works, 67 to 71 Adelaide Street West
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MDCCCXCII.

Our complete and unrivaled stock of clothes for Fall and Winter is now ready for the inspection of our customers and the public generally.

We will be pleased to put aside any choice pattern selected before the line is broken.

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TORONTO

In our August Clearing Sale all goods are marked to capture those who buy a good thing when they see it.

Webster's Great Dictionary, $1.25. Well bound books, all good authors, 10c.; best cloth bound, 19c. Paper cover books, all good authors, 7c.; regular price 25c. Dore's Bible Gallery and other works, 98c. These last are Cassell's best edition.

Shawl straps in great variety, 10c., reduced from 25c. We will close a large consignment of beautiful Albums at less than cost of importation, and not one-half of usual cost. See them.

Boys' Safety Bicycles, $6, were $12, and with rubber tire $8, were $16. Boys' High Wheel, $2.50, were $7.50. Baby Carriages, $5.50, were $10. Hammocks, 50 per cent. of real value.

Handsome Croquet Sets, 64c., worth $1.25; Toilet Paper, full 1000 sheet package, 9c.; Rolls, 10c.

An immense Display of Agate Ironware Teapots, 50c., worth $1.25; Preserving Kettles at half price; best Crown and Gem Preserving Jars, pints, 88c.; quarts, 98c.; 2 quarts, $1.24.

Closing out a lot of beautiful Window Blinds, complete, 45c., worth $1.25. Fancy, new designs and best French goods, at less than half usual price.

Store closes at 6.30 p.m., except Saturday evening, open until 10.30 p.m. Come and see.

W. H. BENTLEY

CLEARING SALE

During the months of July and August **MISS HOLLAND** will be prepared to offer the balance of her **Fine Millinery Stock,** together with Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, &c., at an undercost for **cash.**

MISS DUFFY'S Mantles, Wraps, Jackets, &c., are also reduced to half price, and ladies desiring travelling or boating **garments** should take **this opportunity** of replenishing their wardrobe at low cost.

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Two Doors South of Adelaide

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IN CONNECTION WITH THE

World's Fair, Chicago

Dedicatory Services, Oct. 21

Will sell Round Tickets from Toronto to

Chicago and Return

FOR

Single Fare and One-third

Tickets are good going Oct. 19, 20, 21, 22. Returning until Oct 23

TORONTO TICKET OFFICE
1 KING ST. EAST.
COR. YONGE STREET

"Nora McFlimsey Had Nothing to Wear"

We advise Nora—being in this sad predicament—to see the large addition of

FASHIONABLE MANTLES

JUST ADDED TO OUR STOCK.

NEW STYLES EVERY WEEK

WE INVITE INSPECTION

R. WALKER & SONS

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

victorious. A very informal little gathering marked the close of the matches on Saturday last. Among those present were: Mrs. and Miss Chapman, Mrs. and Miss Hirschfelder, the Misses Despard, Miss McDougall and others.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lindsey and Mrs. Leich will not return to Beverley street, but remain at their present residence, Buttonwood, on the Humber, Mrs. Lindsey spending the severe winter months at the Queen's Hotel. Mrs. Lindsey's address is Buttonwood, Weston.

•

Mr. Lyon Lindsey has taken up his winter quarters at 16 Brunswick avenue.

•

Mr. and Mrs. H. Scott Leach of Concord avenue have left Toronto and taken up their residence in Hamilton.

•

Mrs. Wm. Spence, sr., is visiting her granddaughter, Mrs. H. B. Howson, 110 Wellington place. Mrs. Spence's last sojourn in Toronto was in 1834, and she now revisits the city after 58 years' absence.

•

The Misses Phillips of Queen's park are visiting relatives in New York and Brooklyn.

•

Dr. J. C. Patton, who has been visiting the hospitals of Europe, was recently married to Miss A. Hamilton in Glasgow. Dr. and Mrs. Patton, accompanied by Mrs. Carlyle and Mrs. Patton, sr., are expected home about the end of November.

•

Miss Helen Kirby of Picton and Miss Aileen Blair of Kingston are staying with Major and Mrs. Foster on Beverley street.

•

Of the many pretty weddings I have noticed this season there has been none more worthy of note than that which took place last Wednesday morning at Our Lady of Lourdes, Sherbourne street, the contracting parties being Mr. J. M. Mulhall, of the C. R. News Co., and Miss Eleanor Sparrow, formerly of Ottawa. The fair bride was daintily attired in a costume of heliotrope *crepon* and silver passementerie, with hat to match, and carried an exquisite bouquet of white roses. Capt. Shaw of the G. G. B. G. gave the bride away, while the little Misses Shaw made charming bridesmaids, Miss Lillie wearing cream China silk, trimmed with moss green and carrying cream roses and ferns, while her sister Rose looked sweet in a picturesque frock of cream silk with yellow trimmings and carried cream and yellow roses. Miss Macdonell, cousin of the bride, was maid of honor; she was gowned in a very *chic* costume of gray and silver and carried yellow roses. Mr. W. N. Douglas acted as best man. After the ceremony a very sumptuous repast was partaken of, and at noon the happy couple left for an extended tour through the principal American cities, carrying with them the very best wishes of a large circle of friends.

•

A pretty wedding took place on Tuesday at Northeask, Rosedale, the residence of the bride's father, when a large number of friends of the contracting parties witnessed the marriage of Mr. Thomas A. Gibson, B. A., of Osgoode Hall, barrister-at-law, and Margaret Gourlay, second daughter of Mr. Ralph K. Burgess. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. B. Mackay, D. D., of Montreal, assisted by Rev. J. McP. Scott of Toronto. Miss Jessie Burgess, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid. After receiving the hearty congratulations of the assembled guests, the happy couple, amid an abundant sprinkling of rice, left by the 4.55 train *en route* for Boston and other eastern cities. The bride was the recipient of many valuable and rare gifts.

•

Madame De Pedroreno, wife of the Spanish Consul-General of Montreal, and Mrs. Warrington of Belleville, paid a brief visit to Toronto this week as the guests of Mrs. J. E. Thompson.

•

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Mackenzie have returned from their trip and taken up their residence at 620 Euclid avenue. Mrs. Mackenzie will be at home to her friends on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, October 19, 20 and 21.

AS GOVERNESS—A Young Lady Having a good education, musical and literary, and experience in teaching, will give her services in exchange for a home. Competent to teach one foreign language if desired. Excellent testimonials and references. Address TEACHER, SATURDAY NIGHT Office.

AS GOVERNESS—Two Young Ladies, just returned from Germany, who will teach French, German and music, seek engagements as resident governesses in schools or families. Good references given and required. Address Box 165, Woodstock.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
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MASSAGE recommended for rheumatism, paralysis, insomnia, poor circulation, nervous troubles, stiff joints, etc. Endorsed by leading physicians. THOMAS COOK, 594 King Street West.

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Special attention paid to painless operating.

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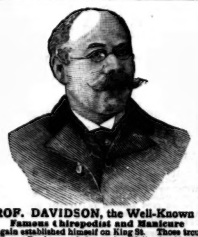

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Has again established himself on King St. Those troubled with Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Nails should call and see the professor at 49 King St. West, Room 7.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

HICKS—Oct 4, Mrs. R. Hicks—a daughter.
McLEAN—Oct 5, Mrs. D. R. McLean—a son.
SUTTON—Oct. 6, Mrs. J. H. Sutton—a daughter.
GORDON—Oct. 3, Mrs. Joseph Gordon—a son.
COCKBURN—Oct. —, Mrs. J. C Cockburn—a daughter.
CLARK—Oct. 8, Mrs. T. J. C ark—a son.
GREENSHIELDS—Oct. 6, Mrs. J. H. Greenshields—a daughter.
EDSALL—Oct. 3, Mrs. S. S. Edsall—a son.
LANGMUIR—Sept. 30, Mrs. M. Langmuir—a son.
MILLER—Oct. 6, Mrs. J. O. Miller—a son.
BISHOP—Oct. 7, Mrs. C. H. Bishop—a daughter.
CAMPBELL—Oct. 7, Mrs. W. Campbell—a son.
SCROGGIE—Oct. 6, Mrs. George E. Scroggie—a son.
YOUNG—Oct. 5, Mrs. W. Young—twin daughters.

Marriages.

PATTON—HAMILTON—On Sept. 22, at the residence of the bride's uncle, Albany, Mr. P. Barr, Pollokshields, Glasgow, Scotland, J. Churchill Patton, M. D., of Toronto, third son of the late Mr. R. G. Patton, formerly postmaster of Quebec, to Agnes, only daughter of the late Mr. David Hamilton of Altrincham, Cheshire, England.
GIBSON—BURGESS—Oct. 11, Thomas A. Gibson to Margaret Gourlay Burgess.
RAMSPERGER—WESTFALL—Oct. 5, Anton Ramsperger to Augusta Westfall.
WILSON—MARTIN—Oct. 5, Charles G. Wilson to Ellen B. Martin.
SHANNON—ROSS—Oct. 5, J. R. Shannon to Agnes M. Ross.
BILTON—MORTON—Sept 21, John H. Bilton to Henrietta Morton.
CREEN—SKINNER—Oct. 4, James Lynn Creen to Kate C. Skinner.
JONES—CHISHOLM—Oct. 5, B. Canfield Jones to Annie Chisholm.
LEVERTY—SIEVERT—Oct. 4, Martin Leverty to Adeline Sievert.
SPENCE—NORRIS—Oct. 5, Joseph Spence to Ida Norris.
HYSLOP—FISHER—Oct. 5, J. C. Hyslop to G. Fisher.
JONES—HOWDEN—Oct. 4, Fred Jones to Mary S. Howden.
McCULLOCH—JACKSON—Oct. 5, James McCulloch to Annie Jackson.
NEILLY—MAHAFFY—Oct. 4, A. E. Neilly to Hattie Mahaffy.
SWINFORD—MACDONELL—Sept. 19, Herbert Swinford to Margaret Macdonell.
WADSWORTH—BOULTON—Oct. 5, W. R. Wadsworth to Florence M. Boulton.

Deaths.

MADDISON—Oct. 7, Ina Maddison.
HARMAN—Oct. 9, Georgina Harman, aged 79
McCARRON—Oct. 9, Elizabeth McCarron, aged 20.
BOWDEN—Oct., James Bowden, aged 20.
MOFFATT—Oct. 7, Lewis McFatt, aged 32.
BEDDOW—Oct. 9, Ethel May Beddow, aged 15.
HARE—Oct. 8, Mary Hare, aged 61.
RYERSON—Oct. 8, Mary L. Ryerson, aged 61.
ROWELL—Oct. 6, Edward W. Rowell, aged 27.
SHORTISS—Oct. 4, Edward Shortiss, aged 27.
JONES—Oct. 3, Prudence Jones, aged 23.
TINSLEY—Oct. 5, John M. Tinsley, aged 109.
McPHERSON—Oct. 11, Alexander McPherson, aged 33.
LEVERICH—Oct. 10, Jas S. Leverich, aged 64
McFARLANE—Oct. 10, Isedora McFarlane, aged 19.
MINKLER—Oct. 10, Lucy E. Minkler, aged 72.
RYAN—Oct. 9, Cecilia Ryan, age d 77.

New Table Decorations in GLASS
WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY
WILLIAM JUNOR
Telephone 2177. 109 King Street West

MOTHERS
USE HOWARTH'S
Carminative Mixture
This medicine is superior to any other for Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Cramps, and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels, and any other disorder of the bowels of infants occasioned by teething or other causes. Give rest and quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Prepared only by
S. HOWARTH - Druggist
243 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.
Established 1849. Telephone 1369

ROYAL CROWN TABLE WATER
Godes-berger.
BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.
A natural mineral water.—*Civil Service Gazette*, London.
Without any sophistication.—Dr. Sutherland.
Renowned for its excellence and purity.—*The Empire*, Ont.

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Victorias, Coupes, etc. Fine Horses and Carriages, with careful Drivers in Livery.
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THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
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TELEPHONE 679.

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GENTLEMEN,—The Mason & Risch Grand Piano you forwarded me is excellent, magnificent, unequalled. Artists, judges and the public will certainly be of the same opinion. FRANZ LIZT.

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THE Mason & Risch Piano Co.
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32 King Street West, Toronto

DRESSMAKERS, it will work to perfection on any sewing machine.

Corticelli

SPOOL SILK

is made expressly for your use. One trial of it will convince you of its superiority.

HEINTZMAN & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
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Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

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BRANCH OFFICES: 818 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'y.